

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 7, 1978 ONE DOLLAR

PETE'S STREAK



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down in tar. Look at the latest
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	tar mg./cg.	nicotine mg./cg.
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Vantage	11	0.7
Salem Lights	11	0.8
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.6
Ment	8	0.6
True	5	0.4
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than *1	*0.1

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Of all brands, lowest: Carlton Box: 1 mg. tar,
0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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1 mg.
tar.

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Filter & Menthol
The lighter
100's.



Only
5 mg.
tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 77, Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
100 mm. Soft Pack and Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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With the OM-1, suddenly the SLR camera is 33% smaller and lighter, yet incredibly rugged to meet the demands of professional wear and tear. Miraculously, the viewfinder is 70% brighter and 30% larger for faster, easier composing and focusing.

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The pack.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



KLUETMEIER AND HIS MAKESHIFT BEANIE

It was Senior Editor Peter Curry's idea. For a striking photograph of Bill Lee, the subject of Curry Kirkpatrick's story starting on page 58, why not pose the Boston Red Sox' eccentric southpaw wearing a propeller beanie, as he once did on the playing field? And since Lee is called the Spaceman, why not further outfit him in an astronaut's suit? The scheme was preposterous, outlandish and bizarre, so Lee naturally went for it. But executing it proved unexpectedly difficult.

The first problem was to find a propeller beanie. Lee's 3-year-old son Andy had dismantled the one Dad wore at Fenway Park before a game two years ago and Photographer Heinz Klutmeier and Associate Picture Editor Laurel couldn't find any Boston or New York stores that carried propeller beanies. At one novelty-goods company, an employee asked Frankel, "Could you use Mickey Mouse ears?" Growing concerned, Klutmeier affixed a pinwheel to the top of a baseball cap. If worse came to worst, the bill could be removed and Lee could wear Klutmeier's homemade beanie.

Meanwhile, Frankel kept calling. "Oh, you mean the Atomic Whirler," a voice at the other end of the phone

finally said. "How many of them do you want? And what color?" Frankel was speaking to a woman at New York's Benay-Albee Novelty, Inc., which had introduced the pinwheel beanie in 1948 after president Benjamin Molin had noticed a pinwheel display next to a hat display at a carnival. Within a year, the company sold nearly four million Atomic Whirlers—and a craze was born. Benay-Albee still manufactures 100,000 Atomic Whirlers a year, one of which Frankel shipped to Klutmeier in Milwaukee, where the Red Sox were playing the Brewers.

The search for a space suit was progressing apace. Klutmeier checked out costume shops in Milwaukee but, he says, "All the suits looked seedy. For Bill Lee I felt we needed something elegant." Again coming to the rescue, Frankel decided to try to borrow a genuine space suit. She called NASA headquarters in Washington, which referred her to a NASA office in Houston, which referred her to the Kennedy Space Center in Florida. Within an hour Frankel was told that NASA would be happy to lend us an astronaut's suit, providing that SI, not the U.S. taxpayer, pay shipping and insurance charges.

The next morning a NASA training suit valued at \$3,895.08 arrived in Milwaukee, and Klutmeier and Lee drove to County Stadium. "We were like a couple of kids unpacking that box," says Klutmeier. "It was like Christmas." With bewildered stadium employees looking on, the fully costumed Spaceman went into his wind-up and Klutmeier snapped away. It was a happy ending to an experience that proved three things, only two of which will surprise anybody: 1) Boston may be Beantown but it is not Beantown; 2) the U.S. Government is not always inefficient and profligate; and 3) Bill Lee is game for anything.

John F. Sullivan

Do you have a favorite local golf pro?



one who is as helpful when you're looking for the right equipment and accessories in his golf shop as he is when giving you some pointers out on the range?

Well now there's a great way to say "thank you" to that deserving PGA professional. Nominate him for the PGA/SI "Merchandiser of the Year" Award—a special award established this year by the Professional Golfers' Association and Sports Illustrated. By co-sponsoring this new awards program, Sports Illustrated is proud to recognize today's PGA professionals for the distinctive brand of personal, knowledgeable service they provide in their golf shops—a service that makes the game of golf, and the people who play it, the real winners.

Nominating your local PGA professional for sectional and national honors is easier than a 4-inch putt. All you have to do is take a moment or two to fill out and mail the special form provided below. After all nominations are received, special PGA committees in each of the Association's 34 regional sections will evaluate the personal, professional, innovative service offered by each local nominee and decide who best fulfills the criteria for selection.

Three sectional winners in each of the regions will be chosen—one public course pro, one private course pro, and one resort course winner. From these 117 potential sectional winners, three national "Merchandisers of the Year" (one in each facility category) will be selected by a panel comprised of Donald E. Padgett, president, Frank Cardu, secretary, Joe

Black, treasurer, Mark H. Cox, executive director, PGA of America, Charles Van Dine, president, Golf Manufacturers and Distributors Association, Edward F. Manley, president, F. I. Manley Co., and Philip G. Howlett, advertising sales director, Sports Illustrated.

All winners will be announced officially at the PGA Merchandise Show in January at Florida's Walt Disney World and in the pages of Sports Illustrated. The trio of national winners will each receive an expenses-paid trip for two to the show where they'll be presented with their awards. Each sectional winner will be honored, as well.

So if you appreciate the way your PGA professional handles your golf business, provides and displays merchandise, fits your equipment, fills your individual needs, and works hard to make enjoyable golf play come easy for you, please fill out and mail the nominating form without delay. Use an extra sheet of paper if you want to add specific comments about your nominee, but remember, the deadline for receipt of nominations is September 1, 1978, so mail your form as soon as possible to: PGA/SI Merchandiser of the Year, P.O. Box 2299, Westbury, New York 11591.



PGA/SI "Merchandiser of the Year" Nominating Form

Mail to: P.O. Box 2299, Westbury, New York 11591

Name of your Pro-Nominee (please print) _____ Your Name _____

Golf Shop Name _____ Address _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ CATEGORY (CHECK ONE)

NOTE: All nominees must be PGA members

☐ Private course ☐ Public course ☐ Resort course

Here's why my nominee deserves consideration for this award. (Indicate your pro's strengths by checking appropriate statements below.)

- ☐ Pro knows me and how I play the game.
- ☐ Shop is well-maintained with merchandise attractively displayed.
- ☐ Shop personnel are courteous and well-trained.
- ☐ A wide variety of high quality merchandise is available.
- ☐ Special events, promotions and innovations are featured.
- ☐ Pro goes out of his way to make sure I get the right equipment and accessories at the right price.

Miles & Miles of Heart



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No pressures. No boss. Just a good feeling, lay
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And you like it.

Oh, you can be serious. You have to be, when it
comes to a major expense like a new car. That's
partially why we build the Plymouth Arrow.
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or bulk. And that wide, piston-assisted hatch
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Let's face it. Arrow's the kind of car that just makes
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lowest-priced Arrow. Or you can step all the

way up to our Arrow GT, with its standard
5-speed transmission and Silent Shaft engine,
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quietest 4-cylinder engines available any-
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great mileage and great performance.

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*Based on EPA estimates for Arrow's 2.6 liter engine and manual transmission. Your actual mileage may differ depending on your driving habits, your car's condition, and optional equipment. California change lower.

THE PLYMOUTH ARROWS FOR '78

SCORECARD

Edited by JOHN PAPANIK

BOSS OR BULLY?

In his first year as president of the NHL, John Ziegler Jr. has been accused of indecisiveness and waffling and tolerating hooliganism on the ice. Last week Ziegler took his firmest stand to date, but on an incident that occurred off the ice: he suspended New York Rangers forward Don Murdoch for the upcoming hockey season and fined him \$500, as a penalty for Murdoch's guilty plea last April in a Brampton, Ontario court to a charge of possession of 4.8 grams of cocaine, a not insignificant amount. Although the suspension has a proviso for Murdoch to return after 40 games if, in Ziegler's judgment, he is sufficiently penitent, Murdoch could be stigmatized for the rest of his career.

Protecting young people from such shame or discredit is why so many courts are lenient toward first-time drug offenders, especially 20-year-olds, which Murdoch was when he was arrested in Toronto last August 12. If he had been arrested in New York, for instance, he probably would not have been prosecuted. Even in Brampton, Murdoch got off with a \$400 fine, a suspended sentence and, most important, a second chance.

Apparently Ziegler did not feel the punishment of the Ontario court was sufficiently harsh. More surprising, neither did the NHL's 18 player representatives, who voted unanimously not to support Murdoch's cause, despite pleas by Rangers teammates Steve Vickers and Phil Esposito, an NHL Players Association vice-president. "I think the penalty was severe," says Vickers. "He's gone through a very tough year since the incident happened. He was only 20. Sometimes it's difficult for a young player." Says NHLPA Executive Director Alan Eagleson. "They talked of some problems he'd had and how he's helped his family. But it boiled down to a discussion of the issue, the plea of guilty and the offense itself being so difficult for the players to accept. If it had been only marijuana, I think he would have gotten full support."

It has been suggested that other NHL owners who are jealous of the Rangers pressed for the harsh penalty, that the other players have no great love for Murdoch. "I don't think the players' firsthand knowledge of him helped his cause," says Eagleson.

Certainly it behooves the NHL to reprimand a player who breaks the law, and no one wants to go on record as condoning the use of an illegal drug, even though the use of cocaine is fairly widespread among young professional athletes. But it seems rather arrogant that Ziegler can impose a more severe penalty than a court of law for a victimless crime and one that had nothing to do with the game of hockey. Many people are applauding Ziegler for finally getting tough. We only hope that he gets tough the next time a player whacks another over the head with a stick.

POINT OF ORDER

In Philadelphia politics is serious business. But sometimes it gets clear out of hand, such as last week when a City Councilman and a community activist nearly escalated a little disagreement to a three-round bout in *The Spectrum*.

Here's what happened: Councilman Francis Rafferty, enraged by remarks made by Milton Street at a Council hearing on proposed city charter amendments, advanced on Street in the City Council chambers. Police restrained the pair after an exchange of epithets. Two days later *The Philadelphia Daily News* columnist Larry McMullen ran into Rafferty, who said he wanted to take on Street in a ring. "You're serious?" said McMullen. "Damn right," said Rafferty, who had a dozen bouts as an amateur more than 15 years ago.

McMullen relayed the challenge to Street. "He's on," said Street. "You're serious?" said McMullen. "There's nothing I'd like more," said Street.

Boxing promoter J. Russell Peltz went for the idea and set about booking the bout as a three-round exhibition on The

Spectrum card for Aug. 24. All that was needed was approval of the appropriate authorities, and that is where sanity prevailed.

"No way," said State Athletic Commissioner Howard McCall. "Boxing has had to battle its way back to respectability in this city. Why set it back 10 years with a sideshow like that? If Peltz wants to promote a novelty act, let him sell it to *The Gong Show*."

FLIPPER II

The Cowboys have their Cowgirls and the Rams their Embraceable Ewes, but the biggest splash in the NFL this season will be in Miami, where Flipper is making a comeback (SI, May 22). Actually, he won't be the same dolphin who cavorted in the Orange Bowl during pre-Shula days, but a colleague from the Miami Seaquarium. The original Flipper got the ax in 1969 and was forgotten in 1970 when the Dolphins installed new



stands in the end zone. But last year the stands were removed leaving room for a nine-foot-deep tank and a stage on which the Starbrites, 24 June Taylor-trained cheerleaders, will back up Flipper II.

To get to the games, Flipper will be wrapped in wet sheets and placed on a canvas stretcher for the brief ride from the Seaquarium to the stadium, accompanied by the Seaquarium's director of training, his own trainer, a veterinarian and a representative from Florida's Department of Natural Resources. *The Dol-*

continued



Overwork Poor diet Both ends of the vitamin candle

When your body responds to the stress of overwork it increases the rate at which it uses up many kinds of nutrients, including vitamins. From a balanced daily diet your body can store up most nutrients for such emergency use. However, there are certain vitamins the body can't stockpile, no matter how much you take in.

Water-soluble vs. fat-soluble vitamins. Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat, fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by the stress of overwork, immediate supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, may be indicated.

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phins may even be tempted to try Flipper on defense—he can perform over 100 tricks, is 8½ feet and weighs 475 pounds soaking wet.

OLYMPIAN MESS (CONT.)

When last we left them, the city of Los Angeles and the International Olympic Committee were staring each other down over the IOC's Rule 4—L.A. must assume financial responsibility for the Games or bid them farewell (SCORECARD, July 31). But last week in Colorado Springs, the U.S. Olympic Committee stepped in with the latest plan to save the day. The USOC would enter into a "partnership" with the L.A. organizing committee, and together they would indemnify the city for any losses. Bradley says he would agree if the IOC agrees. Then it's up to the L.A. City Council and the USOC House of Delegates, and it all must be worked out by Aug. 21.

RAM REGEX

Although it now seems likely that Los Angeles will host the 1984 Olympics after all, the Rams are definitely leaving. After the 1979 season they will abandon the Coliseum, where they have played since 1946, and move some 35 miles down the Santa Ana Freeway to Anaheim Stadium, the home of the California Angels. Soon there may be nothing left but smog, the Dodgers and Johnny Carson.

Rams owner Carroll Rosenbloom called the move the most "traumatic experience" of his life, but by the time his sweetheart deal was spelled out, it was apparent that to have passed it up would have been even more traumatic. The deal includes the enlargement of Anaheim Stadium from 43,000 to 70,000 seats at a cost of \$22 million and 7.5% of the Rams' gross attendance as rent. Rosenbloom gets a minimum 30-year lease, half the parking proceeds plus options to purchase and develop 95 acres adjacent to the stadium for hotels, office buildings and shopping malls. In addition, the stadium will have about 80 VIP suites, the rental from which is exempt from the NFL's 60-40 shared gate-receipt rule. The deal should make the Rams' owner millions. But life is not just a bed of rose blooms. There are thorns.

For one thing, Los Angeles is up in arms. Two City Councilmen have introduced legislation to prevent the Rams from using "Los Angeles" in their name,

because Anaheim is in Orange, not Los Angeles, County, L.A. Congresswoman Yvonne Brathwaite Burke is preparing legislation that, if adopted, would wipe out the NFL's 75-mile territorial protection rule; this would open up L.A. to another team and allow Rams home games in Anaheim to be televised in Los Angeles. And an Orange County man is suing Rosenbloom, the Rams, Pete Rozelle and the NFL for \$60 million because he was denied the right to bring an NFL franchise to Anaheim.

Meanwhile, the people who run the Coliseum are fervently seeking a new tenant. They have already spoken with Al Davis, managing partner of the Raiders, whose lease on the Oakland Coliseum incidentally expires after the 1979 season. And, as if the lure of a 71,039-seat stadium in a megalopolis of 12.6 million is not strong enough, the City Council is seeking \$9 million in federal funds to modernize the Coliseum.

None of this should bother Rosenbloom if his Rams, under George Allen, can make it to a Super Bowl or two. If not, Los Angeles fans probably wouldn't care if they moved to Tokyo.

FORE PLUS TWO

One guy shot 27 over par, the other 33. One player's fiancée ran over a woman with a golf cart and broke her ankle. The two men played on a course that was not even open, fooled and joked all day and took nearly 14 hours to finish. Enough to make Francis Ouimet turn over in his grave, you say? Hardly. This one might make Francis come back.

The two players were J. F. Burey, the 28-year-old pro at Pinehurst (N.C.) Country Club, and Michael Dann, 29-year-old associate editor of *Golf World* magazine. And their scores were not particularly astronomical considering that they played all 108 holes at Pinehurst—six courses—in a single day. The idea was to raise money for charity—they collected \$6,112—and at the same time to dramatize the argument for fast play.

From their 5:55 a.m. tee-off on the still unopened No. 6 course, Dann and Burey flew over the first five courses—Nos. 6, 4, 5, 1 and 3—in electric carts, holing out all putts and averaging one hour and 54 minutes per round. Out of respect for the famed No. 2 course, the golfers walked the final 18 in two hours and 30 minutes, and by the time the last putt dropped, the two had hit the ball a total

of 924 times, 459 for Dann (81, 75, 76, 73, 75, 79), 465 for Burey (81, 74, 80, 76, 74, 80).

"We proved that a person doesn't need six hours to play a round of golf," said Dann. "If everyone would just speed up their play they could play 36 holes a day and be ready for cocktails by 5:30."

After sinking a 20-foot putt for par on the 108th hole at 7:40 p.m., a good two hours past cocktail time, Dann was pining. "The toughest part?" he said. "Moving. Breathing. Standing here." Which way to the gin and tonics?

THE GHOST OF HONOR

Last Saturday was a real big night in Catalina Gym, home of the Tucson Sky of the International Volleyball Association. Not so much for the match, in which the Sky lost to El Paso/Juarez Sol 14-12, 12-7, 12-5, but for the history that was not being made. It was "President Carter Couldn't Make It Tonight Night," and the evening was a success: Carter didn't show, exactly as promised.

"It's not that you wouldn't be welcome," General Manager Robert Garrett wrote to Carter, "but let's face it, never before in the history of the United States has a President attended a professional volleyball match."

Sure enough, Carter sent his regrets and 3,176 people came out for the "Free Peanuts, Free 'merican Flags, Free Blank Tapes." There was free admission for all uncles named Sam (accompanied by a paying niece or nephew) and half-price admission for all service personnel (and those with patriotic tattoos). And all over Catalina Gym, people, as instructed, were asking each other, "Hey, where's President Carter?"

THEY SAID IT

- Reggie Jackson, explaining why a few small groups of Yankee Stadium fans did not boo him when he returned to the Yankee lineup after a five-game suspension: "All the fans in those sections are black, under 10 and don't read the papers."

- Conrad Dobler, on his off-season trade from St. Louis to New Orleans: "Religiously speaking, it is an advancement from a Cardinal to a Saint."

- Lenay Goodman, Steve Cauthen's agent, on his success in representing jockeys: "I try to keep myself in the best of company and my horses in the worst of company."

END

New National Smoker Study:

Merit Scores High Marks On Five Key Points!



'Enriched Flavor' cigarette proven major alternative to high tar smoking—see results below.

Can MERIT taste hold its own against leading high tar brands?

Does MERIT satisfy smokers over a long period—or are MERIT smokers slipping back to old high tar favorites?

Read the bottom-line results of new research conducted with smokers like yourself.

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Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! Cigarettes having up to twice the tar.

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

And in detailed interviews conducted among current MERIT smokers?

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

First Major Alternative For High Tar Smokers

MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but continues to satisfy.

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT is what it claims to be: The first major alternative to high tar smoking.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's

DOING MUCH...

For six weeks, in game after game, Pete Rose was unstoppable as he chased after consecutive-game hitting records
by LARRY KEITH

Pete Rose was sitting alone before his dressing cubicle in the Cincinnati clubhouse one day last week, sifting through another bushel of letters and telegrams. Across the room a tape deck played a song from *Saturday Night Fever*, and at that moment *Staying Alive* seemed particularly appropriate to Rose. On Wednesday, June 14 Pete broke out of a 5-for-44 batting slump with two hits against the Cubs, and he has been staying alive ever since. In the top of the first and the bottom of the ninth, with precise bunts, line-drive singles and Charlie Hustle doubles, Rose had fashioned the second-longest hitting streak since the days of the handlebar mustache.

At the end of last week his .387 tear against eight teams had raised his average from .267 to .315, and along the way he had said hello and goodbye to notable streakers from every baseball generation. Rose caught up with the modern Reds' record holders, Edd Roush (1920 and '24) and Vada Pinson (1965), in Game 27, with switch-hitting leader Red Schoendienst (1954) in Game 28 and, early last week, with modern National League record-setter Tommy Holmes (1945) in Game 37. In ensuing days he would equal Ty Cobb's 40-game string of 1911, George Sisler's 41 of 1922 and Bill Dahlen's 42 of 1894. Finally, the only person between Rose and Joe DiMaggio and his "unbreakable" major league standard of 56 in 1941 was Willie Keeler, who established the alltime National League record in 1897 by hitting 'em where they weren't in 44 straight games. Rose took care of Keeler, too, on Monday night in Atlanta.

Rose's streak provided plenty of dra-
continued



. AND MUCH ADO

Billy Martin, who resigned under fire, was stunningly rehired to manage his beloved Yankees—but not until 1980

by **MELISSA LUDTKE LINCOLN**
and **KATHLEEN ANDRIA**

It was a week unlike any other in the recent tumultuous history of the New York Yankees. It began with Billy Martin, the beleaguered manager of a fourth-place team, self-destructing by uttering the now infamous words, "One's a born liar, the other's convicted." Owner George Steinbrenner, the party of the second part in Martin's valedictory, fumed. Martin resigned, and Bob Lemon was hired to take his place. Martin left tearfully, Lemon arrived pleasantly, and as the week wore on, Steinbrenner's team actually gained on the first-place Red Sox.

But that's not all, folks. At the Old-Timers' Game at Yankee Stadium on Saturday, history repeated itself, more or less. It was at that game, three years ago, that Martin was introduced as the team's new manager to the New York fans, who greeted him like a long-lost son. In a final twist to a bizarre week, Steinbrenner orchestrated the entire scene all over again. Martin would manage the Yankees again, beginning in 1980.

"It's a soap opera around here," said Coach Elston Howard. Like the other Yankees, past and present, Howard was stunned by the words that he heard stadium announcer Bob Sheppard read over the P.A. system as Martin ran out of the dugout and onto the field.



"Managing the Yankees in the 1980 season, and hopefully for many seasons after that will be No. 1. . . ." Sheppard's voice was drowned out by cheers.

The once-and-future manager responded to the crowd by time and time again lifting his cap to acknowledge the chants of "Billy, Billy, Billy," as the ovation continued for nearly seven minutes. At one point he turned and looked up at Steinbrenner and tipped his cap in the direction of the owner's private box on the loge level. Later he would ask Steinbrenner, "Did you see me? Did you see me?"

The day belonged to Martin. Not to

Joe DiMaggio, not to Mickey Mantle, not to Whitey Ford. Yankee Stadium was his, but Steinbrenner had made it so, and he smiled as the near-capacity crowd roared its approval of his decision. It was, indeed, a masterstroke, if a weird one. Steinbrenner refurbished his image by rehiring Martin, and who knows what will happen between now and 1980.

Until Martin resumes his managing, health permitting, he will work in the Yankee front office as a consultant and scout. In 1980 Lemon will become the team's general manager. Both are agreeable, and no one doubts that

continued

ma even before Wee Willie and Joltin' Joe heaved into view. And he kept it going without any assistance from kindly official scorers or bonus turns at the plate in extra-inning games. Six times he saved himself with hits in his last at bat; four times his only hit was a bunt. Almost all of his closest calls came against Philadelphia: in Games 32 and 41 he dropped perfect bunts in front of Phillie Third Baseman Mike Schmidt, and he barely survived a dazzling catch and throw by Second Baseman Ted Sizemore to beat out his only hit of Game 33. "Pete gave me two chances to stop the streak, and I didn't do it either time," says Schmidt, a Gold Glove fielder. "He'd never bunted on me before, and then he laid down two perfect ones that I couldn't come up with. I've really got to respect him. He's the epitome of concentration. He's turned into my idol."

Of all the accomplishments of Rose's lustrous 16-year career, none brought quite the acclaim that was generated by the streak. He has been Rookie of the Year and MVP, he has played in 11 All-Star Games and four World Series, he has led the league in hitting three times, and on May 5 of this year he got his 3,000th hit. But all those achievements were just a prelude to the streak, which, says teammate Tom Seaver, "is a reaffirmation" of who Pete Rose really is.

Last week Rose taped segments for *Good Morning America* with David Hartman, *Today* with Dick Schaap and Donahue with Phil Donahue. He endured media blitzes before and after every game and in between games of a

doubleheader. He received telegrams from a strapper and a governor, notes of congratulation from former teammates, a card of thanks from the vendors at Shea Stadium, a phone call from a Jimmy Carter impersonator and loud cheers every time he showed his head outside the dugout. Unlike many of today's athletes who complain about the pressures of fame in their moments of triumph, Rose maintained his composure, his wit and his batting stroke through it all. "If this were some other player, it might cause problems," said Manager Sparky Anderson, "but not with Pete. He represents us."

It was true, as one New York City cop shouted to him, "Your life's not your own, Pete," but Rose did not seem to mind. "I like pressure situations," he says. "They're fun. When people are urging me on, I can do things that are impossible sometimes."

Rose had other motivations as well. "Baseball is a team sport," he says, "but you get paid for what you do as an individual. My contract expires at the end of this season, and I want to prove I can still play. It would be nice to win the batting title at 37."

Rose may be advanced in baseball years, but the best he could do as a younger man was a streak of 25 games in 1967. In starting this tear, Rose broke out of one of the worst slumps of his career. Among the reasons for the turnaround were some minor technical adjustments at the plate. Rose began choking up more and spreading his stance wider. For some reason, he also started seeing the ball better, picking up the rotation as soon as it

left the pitcher's hand. "That little white rat looks like a big white rat," he said. As a result, when he chose to swing, he made contact—he had only five strikeouts in the six weeks since his string began—and he hit the ball sharply. "With any luck at all I'd be hitting over .400 in this streak," Rose said, "but I've hit a lot of balls hard that were caught." Finally, he rediscovered his righthanded stroke, bringing grief to left-handers (.364) and right-handers (.402) alike. Before the streak started, his average against lefties was .229.

Even with all of this going for him, it looked for a while last week as if Rose might not catch Holmes. In his first three appearances in Game 37 on July 24 against the Mets' Pat Zachry, he fied out twice and hit into a fielder's choice. Following each failure, he returned to sit in silence in the dugout. Anderson thought that, for once, Rose was pressing too hard. When Pete came up again in the seventh, many of the 40,065 stood in nervous anticipation of what figured to be his last turn at the plate. Rose bunted the first pitch foul and then took a ball high and outside. Zachry's third delivery was a changeup. Rose jumped on it, lining the pitch to leftfield to tie Holmes' record. At first base, he accepted the congratulations of Coach Ron Piazza, Umpire Joe West and Met First Baseman Willie Montanez. As the crowd continued an ovation that lasted three minutes, Montanez advised Rose, "Take your hat off or we'll be here all night."

The following day Rose traveled to Shea in a limousine provided by the makers of one of the products he endorses. He seemed more relaxed and confident than the day before. "You don't really accomplish anything if you just tie somebody," he said. Rose hit the ball with solid thwacks in batting practice, which, he feels, is always a good sign, and he connected even harder once the game began. Facing Craig Swan, he fied out in his first appearance but hit safely in his next three. "He broke the record three times," Swan said. It was a line drive to left in the third that did the job officially. As soon as the ball was returned to the infield, the umpires called time for a brief ceremony, and Swan, Montanez and Catcher John Stearns obligingly left the field lest they clutter up Rose's moment.

When Holmes set the record 33 years ago, he was an outfielder for the Braves. These days, as fate would have it, he

Holmes, who used to hold the modern National League mark, embraces the man who has it now



works in the Mets' community relations department. He joined Rose on the field for pictures, and when Rose tried to give him the ball as a memento, Holmes said, "No, it belongs to you, Pete." Afterward Holmes said he did not mind relinquishing the record to Rose. On the contrary, it was nice that people were remembering him again, and nice that he could relive the way it used to be. "It was like I was doing it all over," he said. "I was living and dying with every pitch. Now when I teach the kids, they'll know who I am. They'll listen to me. I'll tell them to play the game like Pete Rose."

After Holmes returned to his obscure corner, Rose set out after the five men who remained ahead of him, particularly Cobb and Keeler. "I feel like I know Cobb," he says. "I heard a lot about him early in my career from Waite Hoyt, who played against him, and I'm reading his biography now. I think we're a lot alike. He was small, tough and liked to fight. He once fouled 16 straight balls into the Yankee dugout. Do you know how hard that is to do?"

Even more important than surpassing Cobb's streak was catching Keeler. Rose wanted all of the National League record, not just the "modern" half he had taken from Holmes. "I'm a National Leaguer and so was Keeler," Rose said. "What difference does it make that he played before 1900 or after 1900?"

Rose's attitude was commendable, especially because baseball's record keepers distinguish between pre- and post-1900 accomplishments. Though Keeler performed under basically the same rules as Rose does—except that fouls did not count as strikes before 1901—many baseball men view his accomplishments with skepticism. "I don't even consider it baseball," says Sparky Anderson. "It's like comparing a jet with a prop."

Nor did Anderson believe that Rose had much chance of catching DiMaggio. "I don't think anybody can do it," he said. "Too many things can go wrong. Seeing Pete break the National League record is the biggest thrill I've had as manager, but 56 is an impossibility."

To Rose, nothing seemed impossible, and shortly after surpassing Holmes he sounded like a man who was confident he could catch Joltin' Joe. "I told you guys I'd be back today," he said after one game. "I'm just starting now. I've got half the building up, and now I've got to build the rest."

Martin longs to return to the field. "The white lines are Billy's arena. Between them he becomes the king," said Yankee President Al Rosen on Saturday night. "Outside of those lines, he is out of character. By bringing him back, George made a heartrending decision. Billy had problems dealing with everything that happened this year."

"There is no doubt that Billy is popular," Rosen added, "and he will still be popular in 1980."

But popularity alone did not bring Billy back. There were other factors—not related to baseball—that Steinbrenner had to weigh. First there was Martin's drinking problem. "Sure he drank," said former Yankee President Gabe Paul on Sunday morning. "Everyone knows he drank. Sometimes he drank too much. But I don't think that drinking affected his performance last year."

This year was different. Injuries reduced a championship team to a club with so many roster changes that Martin never knew from one day to the next who could play. "These were things Billy couldn't control," says Rosen. Martin's drinking grew worse and he began eating less and less, but Steinbrenner didn't know how much it was affecting his manager's health until the All-Star break when Rosen told Steinbrenner that Billy was afraid of not being paid if he had to resign for reasons of health. Steinbrenner assured Martin that he would pay him his salary even if he decided to quit. Still Martin stayed on.

Drinking was not Martin's only problem. "It seems to me the poor man was on the verge of a nervous breakdown," said his good friend, Yankee broadcaster Phil Rizzuto. "It was clear that he needed a rest. I didn't want to see Billy embarrassed. As it has turned out, everything worked out for the best."

In his statement to the press following the Old-Timers' Game, Steinbrenner said, "There are times in life when you should be tough and times when you have to be rigid, and there are times when you have to be understanding and have compassion."

What had suddenly transformed Steinbrenner into Martin's savior? After all, there had been nearly three years of rigidity and toughness in his dealings with his manager. One thing was clear. What might happen to Martin—once he had lost the only job he said he had ever wanted—would weigh on Steinbrenner's con-

science forever, the owner said, and he was alarmed about the reaction of the fans. Throughout the week Steinbrenner talked with Martin's agent, Doug Newton; talked with Martin on the phone and in person, and made inquiries about Martin's health.

Last Sunday, Steinbrenner admitted that he was concerned that unless there was some glimmer of hope in Martin's life, the manager's problems might worsen. That day Steinbrenner was far away from Yankee Stadium in North Carolina, watching one of his daughters ride in a horse show, playing a round of golf and a couple of sets of tennis. "I would be a very selfish guy if I let something like what happened stand in the way of Billy having a chance to improve his life," he said. "We're not just talking about baseball. We're talking about something a lot bigger than that. In this picture baseball is a poor third."

When and if Martin is able to return to manage the Yankees, will Reggie Jackson, whose defiance sparked Martin's latest crisis, be there? Jackson has repeatedly said that by then he will be traded. In fact, his name was recently placed on the waiver list and then withdrawn. And Jackson was as surprised as any of his teammates when his old adversary appeared at the stadium for Old-Timers' Day. No one had told him that Martin was coming back. That hurt him. And as a business associate of his said on Sunday, "So far no one has apologized to Reggie [for being called a liar]. Everyone has apologized to everyone else."

Steinbrenner is aware of Jackson's feelings about Martin, and the time may come when he will talk to Jackson about the rehiring. Right now he says he doesn't feel he has to explain his reasons to Jackson or to any other player.

While Steinbrenner was relaxing in North Carolina Sunday, Martin returned to Yankee Stadium and joined Rosen in Steinbrenner's box. It was just another of the week's many surprises. Martin seemed buoyant, frequently gesturing toward the field and the dugout. As he got up to leave after the second inning of the second game, he smiled, turned toward the dugout and waved to the players. When somebody remarked to him that he was watching the game from a different vantage point, Martin agreed.

"You should try managing from up here," he was told.

"I did," Martin replied.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE REAL WORLD

... a few of the other big names in sport, the non-baseball players, that is, were getting their acts together to show that life isn't all hitting and retiring and hiring

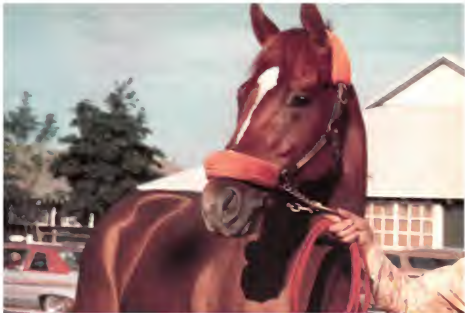


Pete Rose and Billy Martin. Billy Martin and Pete Rose. Last week it seemed that the world of sport was besieged by the ebullient Rose and the protean Martin, the only sounds being the relentless crack of Pete's bat, Billy's anguished voice faltering in his tearful farewell, the crack of Pete's bat, the roar from the Yankee Stadium crowd rejoicing at Billy's triumphant return, the crack of Pete's bat, the crack of Pete's bat, the crack. . . Had everyone else taken the week off?

In a sense, yes. There were no major golf tournaments (Rod Funseth winning at Hartford instead of faltering in the final round proved that), no big tennis matches (let's hear it for Harold Solomon, who won the Louisville International), no super horse races, no championship fights and only one—are you ready, America?—exhibition football game.

So what were the big names up to? As is shown on this and the following pages, each in his own way was getting his act together for big events that lie ahead—even if it meant lying down on the job.

This is a training camp? Sure is, says Muhammad Ali, who approaches his Sept. 15 title rematch with Leon Spinks in what he calls a "relaxed" style. The divan at his Pennsylvania cabin is for naps, the boots are for running and the phone will warn him of Angelo Dundee's arrival—when he'll have to get to work.



All shined up with places to go, Affirmed paused for a portrait before trailering away to this week's Jim Dandy at Saratoga—one of possibly two prep races before he meets Alydar in the Travers. And one might interpret that look as one of confidence: Affirmed worked five furlongs in 59 1/2 and seemed sound as ever.

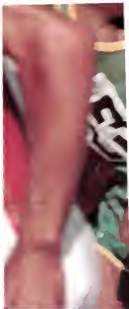


He checked in with his new team at 207 pounds, hrs playing weight, but O. J. Simpson conceded he wasn't in playing shape as the San Francisco 49er camp opened. Although he heuled in some Jim Plunkett passes, plans are to start him slowly in exhibitions. Meanwhile, "It isn't Mr. Simpson," he told ewed rookies, "it's O.J."

CONTINUED

MEANWHILE *continued*

Wimbledon rackets packed, Bjorn Borg sped away to a Baltic hide-away. After resting—"absolutely no tennis for two weeks"—he will attack the U.S. Open later this month and then go for the grand slam in Australia. His Swedish fans feel it's a cinch. "Just have them send the cups home to him," reported a Stockholm newspaper



Resting up for this week's PGA Championship—"My game right now is in good shape"—Jack Nicklaus and sons struck a few Hathaway shirt ad poses, looking smooth (fore) and showing why (aft). As for his PGA prospects, "You've been working all year," he said, "and if you don't have it now, you're not going to get it."



For Henry Rono, the best way to prepare for the Commonwealth Games was by winning the 10,000 and the steeplechase in Algiers. He emerged in "bubbling form" for the steeplechase and the 5,000 in Canada, plus the 10,000—he holds world records in all three—if Kenya's appeal for a schedule change is upheld.



IT WAS A TOWERING SUCCESS

The first National Sports Festival took place in the shadow of Pikes Peak and 2,165 athletes had their day in the sun

by JOE JARES

The Soviet Union's version of the mid-summer phenomenon is known as *Spartakiade*. The Japanese call theirs *Kokutai*. In South Korea, which has held one every year since 1920, more than 20,000 people joyfully take part. Now, at last, the U.S. has joined the fun. The National Sports Festival, a *Spartakiade* of our very own, was born last week in the mountains and valleys of Colorado.

The four-day festival was sponsored by the U.S. Olympic Committee, which plans to stage it annually except during Olympic years. The USOC's thinking is that a "national Olympics" will stimulate the development of young talent, provide a measuring stick for top performers and focus public attention on the country's oft-neglected Olympic sports effort. And to judge by the lavish exercise in pomp and perspiration that took place in the Rockies, the festival could well become a fixture.

By staging it in Colorado, whose electorate paradoxically spurned the 1976 Winter Olympics, the USOC was further solidifying that state's position as the center of this country's Olympic activity. The USOC moved its headquarters from Manhattan to Colorado Springs in June and it has located one of its two new Olympic Training Centers in the same city. The festival is the latest example of a new can-do spirit on the part of the Olympic brass. Skeptics expected it to be chaotic, and with 2,165 athletes com-

peting in 26 sports in venues up to 40 miles apart, it might easily have been. But the \$1.4-million undertaking impressively survived the D-day logistics as well as a severe hailstorm on Saturday that played havoc with track, archery and field hockey events.

The sometimes hectic program included action in baseball, softball and synchronized swimming, all of which are non-Olympic sports. But the festival had an overwhelmingly Olympic flavor. Instead of Bulgaria battling with Chad, and Singapore meeting Brazil, the competition brought together teams representing four regions of the U.S.: South (wearing green uniforms), West (red), East (blue) and Midwest (orange). Granted, two Hawaiians, a Californian and an Arizonan played for "the South" in men's volleyball, which probably made it just as well that no band struck up *Dixie* or the like during the festival's awards ceremonies. But international rules were followed, medals awarded and the athletes actually seemed to care who won. Athletes usually do.

For Wednesday night's opening ceremonies, a torch was lit atop Pikes Peak and carried 33 miles to Memorial Park in Colorado Springs. Sprinter Harvey

Glance, one of a graying number of Olympians to participate in the festival, recited the athlete's oath. Giving the occasion even more of an Olympic ring, there was the inevitable political demonstration; it was staged by a group of Jews protesting the fact that Moscow is hosting the 1980 Games. The high point of the opening ceremonies came when Robert Kane, the pink-faced, pink-necked president of the USOC, was introduced. Instead of the razzing Olympic officials are accustomed to receiving from athletes, Kane got a standing ovation from festival participants, who were pleased with the USOC's new vigor. Obviously moved, Kane jettisoned his prepared speech. "Anything I would have said would have seemed too stilted," he told the audience. "I just hope all you athletes will someday look to this inaugural festival and think that only the Olympic Games preceded it in enormity and prestige."

Kane, a sprinter at Cornell in the '30s and the longtime athletic director at that school, first proposed a "United States Sports Festival" 15 years ago. The idea went nowhere at the time, but after he became USOC president last year, he decided that the organi-





The opening ceremonies may have been familiar, but the hosannas for the Olympic brass were new

Challenged by young, old and in-between, '76 gold medalist Darrell Pace remained right on target



zation should make better use of "our best months of competition—the summer months."

Part of the charm of the festival was the cross-pollination it produced. Modern Pentathlete Dana Williams, 22, saw the first ice hockey game of his life, thanks to the inclusion of a couple of winter sports in the program. Similarly, the women basketball players showed up to watch the figure skating. Former heavy-weight champ Jimmy Ellis, on hand as one of the boxing coaches, rose from his table in a Colorado Springs nightclub and boogied to the applause of a group of women softball players.

Admission was free at some events and no more than \$3 at any of them. The festival was, as it was meant to be, a smorgasbord: a bite of soccer here, a nibble of cycling there and, hey, don't linger too long over the field hockey or you'll miss the start of judo. On display were unheralded youngsters on their way up, stars trying to stay on top and hundreds of other American athletes somewhere in between.

Boxing was held in a dingy, Quonset gymnasium at Fort Carson, on the outskirts of Colorado Springs. There were

Boy Scouts selling warm soft drinks and a window fan at one official's ringside table but these gave little relief from the stifling heat. Fortunately, rain cooled things off a bit before the banks of TV lights were turned on, or the fighters would have been able to fry eggs on the canvas.

The seedy atmosphere was offset somewhat, however, by the patriotic red, white and blue ropes, the surgical-white uniforms of the referees and Chris Schenkel's bright-yellow ABC jackets—until the heat forced him to doff it. And a touch of class was injected by the presence of Sugar Ray Leonard, the 1976 Olympic light welterweight champion. Now a promising pro, he was on hand to cheer his older brother Roger, 24, a welterweight and an Air Force man stationed in San Antonio.

"I have all the pressure on me because all the fighters want to say, 'I beat Sugar Ray's big brother,'" complained big brother. "People expect more out of me because I'm Ray's brother. I put out 100% in every fight, but

continued

Robinson had the right attitude and attitude, but something was wrong with his longitude





Breathing better and looking past, Linda Fratianne still had a nose for victory



A calming influence on his teammates, Salmons also had an impact on the belt



Pentathlete Dana Williams had never seen a hockey game until the festival gave her the chance

you can't always fight every guy the same way."

And if Ray is Sugar, what is Roger? "Just Roger, please. I don't need any more pressure."

In the seventh three-round bout of the night, Just Roger went in against Clinton Jackson, 24, a deputy sheriff in Davidson County, Tenn., and a teammate of Sugar Ray's on the '76 Olympic team. Sugar Ray knelt near ringside the first two rounds, shouting advice and encouragement to Roger. But as a heavily tattooed man in the second row sourly remarked, "Just because one brother can fight don't mean the other one can."

Jackson, a quarterfinalist at Montreal, tagged Leonard early and the referee made him take a standing eight count. Then Jackson knocked him down. Leonard fared a little better in the second round and even managed a crowd-pleasing Ah shuffle in the third. Then the left-handed Jackson floored him a second time. By this time, Sugar Ray had moved to the reserved-section bleachers. At the bell, both fighters raised their hands, but the winner was clearly Jackson.

"I've won six of the seven times I fought him," said Jackson. "He won the last time, but it was just a week after I'd had an operation on my chest. I got married in Knoxville on July 14. My wife's name is Cynthia. I didn't take my honeymoon because I wanted to stay home and train and then come and beat this guy."

Two nights later Jackson TKO'd the Army's Ed Green to win the division. That done, he prepared to take his delayed honeymoon to Nassau.

The festival's archery range was a fine expanse of healthy grass near the U.S. Air Force Academy gymnasium, north of Colorado Springs. Arrows surely flew there long before the cuds—*or even the white man*—arrived. Although there was no admission charge, only a dozen spectators were on hand to watch the 24 men and 24 women who were competing. The archers included 13-year-old Becky Liggitt, an eighth-grader from Muncie, Ind., with dark brown hair and a serious expression. The 5'1" Becky, one of the youngest competitors in the festival, stands just a little higher than her quiver, but she holds a number of junior records.

O.K. Smathers, 64, was the festival's oldest competitor. A world champion in

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1957, he wore a pleased expression and a white hat with target circles pointed on it. He was not nearly as awestruck as Becky, perhaps because he has been an archer for half a century. A grandfather who is an electrician back home in Beavertown, N.C., he intends to try out for the U.S. Olympic team in 1980. In Colorado, however, Becky and O.K. both finished far behind the winners, '76 Olympic gold medalists Luann Ryon and Darrell Pace.

"This year the boys and girls didn't know what to expect here," O.K. said. "They'll go back and say what a wonderful situation it is. Next year there will probably be a lot more people trying out for it. The scores will be a lot higher and an old man like me may not be able to make it. But I'll keep trying as long as I'm able to shoot."

The festival's established performers included figure skater Linda Fratianne, the 1977 world champion, who won the women's singles at Colorado Springs' Broadmoor Hotel and also showed off her pert nose, recently altered surgically to improve her breathing and appearance. Another big name was gymnast Kurt Thomas, who did not compete but gave an exhibition during the festival. And then there was 1976 Olympic long-jump champion Arnie Robinson. The cream of America's track and field talent was in Europe, but Robinson hoped to get off his first 28-foot jump in the favorable 7,280-foot altitude of the Air Force Academy. He did not have to be reminded that Mexico City's altitude helped Bob Beamon attain his world-record 29' 2 1/4" shocker in 1968.

Robinson paid his own way from Europe to New York City and the USOC picked up the rest of the tab. On a cloudy, windy afternoon at the Academy, he won with a jump of 26' 7 1/4". It didn't make him happy. In fact, he was so disgusted he skipped his last try. "I came here to jump 28 feet," he said. "I didn't come to win. If it's impossible for me to jump 28 feet, I'm wasting my time. But with that wind, nobody could have jumped even 27 feet."

"For the first jump the wind was with us and I had to chop my stride. Then the wind turned and I had it in my face. Jumping 28 feet is just a matter of getting the right conditions. In my last three meets I jumped against the wind. I came over here, paying my way from Europe

and back to Europe, spending \$800 of my own money, and what happens? I'm jumping against a head wind."

Surprisingly large crowds showed up at a court tucked away in one corner of the vast Air Force Academy gym to watch team handball, an Olympic sport that has been popular in Europe for almost a century but is no better known in the U.S. than the Eskimo game of nupluktaktok. Team handball is played with a white ball slightly smaller than a volleyball and combines elements of basketball, lacrosse and probably a dozen other sports that have goals at either end of a playing area. One reason for its popularity at the festival was that the star for the Midwest—and the team's coach—was 6' 6" Tom Schneeberger, who started playing on the club level as an Air Force Academy cadet. He is also the Academy's third all-time leading scorer in basketball and won an NCAA postgraduate scholarship in aeronautical design. Schneeberger was drafted by the Denver Nuggets, but he has a five-year military commitment, so for now he is a team handball player. His prowess in the sport has earned him a trip to Iceland. He hopes it will take him to Moscow, too.

For the women playing basketball day after day in Colorado College's gymnasium in downtown Colorado Springs, the competition took on special importance. At the end of the festival, the dozen best players were to be picked for a tour of Ecuador and Peru. But 17-year-old June Olkowski from Philadelphia, a star for the East, also got caught up in the team competition. "I want to win this festival," she said. "The East team is great. And then I'll think about Peru."

Another East player was Mary Ostrowski, 16, out of Parkersburg, W. Va. As if Ostrowski and Olkowski were not enough, the East also had the Donovan girls, 19-year-old Mary, who stands 6' 3", and her 16-year-old sister Anne, at 6' 8" one of the country's tallest women basketball players. With this kind of firepower, the East beat the South 72-58 in the finals. And both Olkowski and Ostrowski were selected for the tour.

To nobody's surprise, men's volleyball was dominated by the West, an all-California bunch hailing from places like Malibu, Pacific Palisades and Santa Barbara, where kids learn the game on the

beaches. The West won all four of its matches—without losing a game—at the modern Coronado High School gym.

The West's star was UCLA's Steve Salmons, the 6' 4" son of a onetime University of Missouri football lineman and shotputter. He smothered the best bats of opposing players and, equally important, managed to calm down his sometimes excitable West teammate, USC's Tim Hovland. Salmons and Hovland had been invited to join America's national team, which is training year-round in Dayton, but both elected to stay in school. They hope to make the Olympic volleyball team anyway, assuming that the U.S. qualifies one for the '80 Games.

"Salmons is an exceptionally nice kid, a leader," said an opposing coach. "Some kids can't even organize their rooms, so it's nice to see a guy like him in the sport."

The entire nine-member West team plus three others were picked for a junior national team that will play in an international tournament in Hawaii next week. Then everybody went off to a party with the women volleyball players.

The first annual National Sports Festival ended Sunday night with a great show of fireworks atop Pikes Peak and a lot of confident talk about how much better next year's event will surely be. Kane said the USOC already had applications (that somehow sounded less formidable than "bids") from New York City and Rochester, N.Y., plus indications that Colorado Springs wanted it back. And Kane said, "This will help the smaller sports. It can be one of the most productive things the U.S. Olympic Committee has ever done." Kane's enthusiasm was shared by people like Mack Haley, coach of the Midwest volleyball team. "I've got to feel that in five years this will be the greatest sporting event in the United States," he rhapsodized.

It was a brand-new malady called "festival fever" and it seemed to be contagious. Also afflicted was 19-year-old Frank Sanborn of Newport Beach, Calif., who was on the winning four-man kayak team and placed second in the doubles. "I hope the festival continues," he said. "It gave us some national coverage for our sport. This will get more people interested. Besides, in the barracks at the Academy, people stayed out late and partied. I guess that it's just like at the Olympic Games." Move over, Spartakiade and Kokuni. **END**

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

IT'S BEEN A LONG RIDE

In 1931, Mel Lewis was the third leading jockey in the nation. Now 62, with some 15,000 races behind him, he's still not ready to ride off into the sunset

The 10th of 12 races was coming up as Mel Lewis took the single step from the jockeys' room to the grassless paddock at the Alameda County Fair in Pleasanton, Calif. He walked slowly, adjusting the rubber bands tight around the cuffs of his faded blue and gold silks, paying no attention to the curious sign on his right: HORSES WILL BE SCRATCHED IF JOCKEY MOUNT FEELS ARE NOT ON DEPOSIT WITH THE PAYMASTER AT PADDOCK TIME.

Going into the stall with his mount, Hi Sunshine, Lewis rolled the handle of his whip between his hands as he looked over the 3-year-old filly. Lewis had never ridden any of the 10 starters in the race, and Hi Sunshine, like the rest of the field, was a model of inconsistency. Collectively they averaged less than a win per year per horse, and Hi Sunshine was 14 to 1.

When the gate opened for the six-furlong race, Lewis put Hi Sunshine right behind the two front-runners, never letting them get more than three lengths away. He was close to the rail, saving every inch of ground, and at the head of the stretch he stuck Hi Sunshine's head in front for the half-length advantage that he held until the finish. The Eddie Arcaro of the bullrings had won again.

Mel Lewis isn't the new kid in town.

At 62 he is the oldest jockey in the country. He is also one of few active athletes—and possibly the only professional—to have spanned six decades of competition, from the 1920s through the late '70s. It is highly likely that instead of riding off into the sunset, he will still be hugging the rail in the 1980s. Steve Cauthen? Heck, Lewis has boots and saddles older than Cauthen.

In his own way, in his own world, Lewis is a star. He is a grand athlete who prefers to do things quietly, riding two, maybe three horses a day on the Northern California fair circuit. He also rides at Golden Gate Fields and at other Bay Area tracks. In a good year nowadays Lewis can make \$30,000. "I like what I'm doing," he says, "and I'm not thinking about packing it in. Over the years I guess I've ridden and known all the great riders except Paul Revère."

According to the records, Lewis' official career began in 1931 at Agua Caliente in Tijuana. "We started together as apprentices," says Arcaro. "I didn't win a damned race, and he was the apprentice sensation of 1931. I stopped racing in 1961, but Mel's still going. People marvel at Willie Shoemaker doing so good at 47, and they should, but Shoe's still a baby compared to Mel Lewis. Johnny Longden packed it in at 56 when he

won the San Juan Capistrano in his last ride. But if a guy can keep going at Mel's age, he must really love it."

Lewis does. Records show that he has had 2,130 winners from more than 15,000 mounts and purse earnings in excess of \$5 million. Lewis disputes that. "I feel I probably have over 3,000 winners," he says. "I was winning races in my early days at places people today have never heard of. I got my first winner on a horse named Parnell Boy at Tanforan back in 1931. The horse paid \$300 for \$5 in a betting system called 'preferred options.' It was so long ago that I don't even know how it worked."

During his 47 years as a jockey, Lewis has ridden against George (The Ice-man) Woolf, Red Pollard, Jackie Westrope and Longden, among others. When Shoemaker rode his first winner, Shafter V., at Golden Gate in 1949, Lewis was in the same race; in the winter of 1977, when Cauthen took his first mount in a \$100,000 race, the California Derby, Lewis finished in front of him.

"Most people don't understand the California fair circuit," Lewis says. "It isn't what people think it is. In the old days the fairs were minor league, but they've changed a lot. The fairs draw big crowds in Northern California, and people bet big money."

Most of the money is bet in small denominations as the fair circuit goes up and down the state for 125 racing days, never staying for more than 14 days at one stop. The season begins in mid-June at Solano in Vallejo, then goes through Pleasanton, Santa Rosa, San Mateo, Ferndale, Stockton, Sacramento, Pomona and Fresno before winding up at Los Alamitos. Along the way there are some strange sights. For instance, several of the tracks have golf courses in their infield, which help turn a profit when the fairs are closed. Affirmed's trainer, Laz Barrera, has a horse running under his colors on the Northern California circuit, and many of the top trainers and riders from Hollywood Park and Santa Anita will pop up to the fairs from time to time to try to win a race. And there are always those things that make fairs what they are: "Black Jack, The Super Steer. See it to believe it" Weight 3,400 pounds. Height 6 feet. Girth 11 feet. Length 11

Lewis still boasts home his share of the winners mostly on the Northern California fair circuit

feet, 10,000 hamburgers on the hoof. Alive, 35 cents per person."

While California racing is beginning to experience the problems that the sport has encountered recently in other parts of the country—a lack of horses, sagging attendance, the threat of off-track betting, increased competition from other sports—the fairs continue to prosper and grow, despite scanty publicity. Over the July Fourth weekend, for example, Pleasanton drew 57,000 people who bet \$5.5 million, and while those figures do not approach the totals run up at Hollywood Park, they are impressive enough.

But a day at a Northern California fair is tough on both horseplayers and competitors. The 12-race cards often go on until after 7 p.m., and when a person grown accustomed to the bigger thoroughbred tracks attends a fair for the first time, he discovers that the first race is usually for Appaloosas, the second for quarter horses and the third for thoroughbreds. The daily double is conducted on the fourth and fifth races—and that takes some getting used to.

"There is no doubt that the purses have gone up along with the quality of horses," says Everett Nevin, the director

of racing at several of the fair tracks. "Pleasanton might be the perfect example. I can remember when we started out back in 1939, we had only four \$2 windows. For the agricultural display we bought tomatoes from stores and put them on paper plates. Then in 1965 we decided to build a new grandstand and used all the good ideas we could find. Today the stands at Pleasanton have just about everything the fans could ask for."

The one thing Pleasanton does not have is air conditioning, and many days the temperature rises to 110°, prompting track announcer Tom Creed

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENK KLUJTMACER



to stand in a bucket of ice while calling the races.

"There are days at Pleasanton when it gets so hot you can't believe it," Mel Lewis says. "I know because I make my home here. I only like to ride two, three races a day. I feel that to ride more at my age would not be fair to the owners."

Those who follow the fairs from town to town agree that even at 62 Lewis can ride with the best of them on the circuit. He can get a horse away from the gate quickly and still reach down to put up a strong drive to the wire. Lewis, who stands 5'2" and weighs 113 pounds, is one of about 80 riders working the fairs. Some, like Merlin Volzke and Ray York, have been top riders at big tracks. Others, like 16-year-old apprentice Allen Auten, are just starting out. "I've been watching Mr. Lewis ride for a long time," Auten says. "I was born in Walnut Creek but grew up in Stockton. My father Vern is a trainer, and he has pictures of himself in winners' circles, holding me in his arms when I was a baby. I'd say that you don't know that Mel Lewis is as old as he is when you're riding against him. I just figure he's doing what he wants to do."

The riding fees on the fairs are the same as at the major tracks, the principal exception being that a jockey at a major track gets more chances at bigger purses, particularly those in the \$15,000 to \$30,000 range. By winning on Hi Sunshine, Lewis' share of the \$3,025 winning purse was \$302.50. Depending on the value of the race, a jockey gets \$45 to \$55 for riding the place horse, \$35 to \$45 for horses that finish third.

Jack Menges, staff writer and handicapper for the Oakland Tribune, served for many years as Lewis' agent, booking his mounts on the fairs as well as at Golden Gate and Bay Meadows. "One time Mel rode the winner of three stakes in one day," Menges says, "and I don't know if that has ever been done before or since. There was a regular stake and a 2-year-old stake that was split into two divisions at Pleasanton, and Mel won all three. We did good together. When certain trainers would come up north from Santa Anita or Hollywood Park, they would get Mel to ride their horses. Mel used to ride a horse named Damage Control some years back, and he became the first horse to win over \$100,000 racing in Northern California."

In good years Mel Lewis was able to make over \$50,000, but he can't recall



Lewis has boots and saddles older than Steve Cauthen, an opponent in last year's California Derby.

winning a race worth over \$30,000. "Never rode in the Kentucky Derby," he says, "but I've seen Derbies. The closest I got to riding in a Derby was in 1933."

Some might pick the 1933 Kentucky Derby as the most exciting of all. E. R. Bradley was trying to win the race with Broker's Tip and, to prep the colt for the big event, Bradley shipped him to the old Lexington track to run in the Prospect Purse. Lewis rode Broker's Tip while Don Meade, Bradley's regular jockey, was on another Bradley horse, Boiler-maker. Broker's Tip lost the Prospect by a neck to a horse named Warren Jr., with Boiler-maker third. Bradley put Meade up on Broker's Tip for the Derby, and they won, battling Herb Fisher and Head Play

through the stretch, the jockeys slashing each other with their whips in the roughest of all Derbies. Meade was suspended for 30 days, Fisher for 35. "A lot of people believe that might have been the best race ever," said Lewis. "I don't think so. The best I've seen was Affirmed and Alydar in this year's Belmont."

Lewis was leaning back on a wooden bench in the jockeys' room in Pleasanton, holding the silks he would wear later that day, watching the other riders getting ready for work. Two women walked into the room to get on the scales before riding in a quarter-horse race. "Women riders are only one of the things that's changed down through the years," he said. "Lord, it used to be tough! There

was leg-locking between jockeys during a race, and hitting each other with whips, and grabbing the other guy's saddlecloth. Anything went until the film patrol came in. Before the films, the stewards had nothing to back them up when they made their decisions. Now they do. In ways it's almost like a picnic to ride today. Almost, not quite. It's still tough. Years ago I was riding at the Fairgrounds in New Orleans, and it got so cold that we had to wear mittens, and I thought it was crazy at the time. Still do. But during the winter months in the East and Midwest, riders are out on the track with wool masks on their faces and two pairs of gloves, and the wind is knocking them around. I feel sorry for them.

"I got into riding when I was 12, maybe 13 years old. Maybe younger. My father had some horses back in Montrose, Colorado, and he would get them ready to run in the fairs. The big fair was at Hotchkiss, and the races would be at a quarter mile, three-eighths, a half mile. We'd take four, five horses from home to Hotchkiss. It was about 70 miles. We walked them there. Took a little over two days. When we got a little money, my father bought a Model A truck and we went high class."

Lewis smiled and drew a leg up on the bench and leaned his chin on it. "I went to Tijuana in 1931 as an apprentice. Weighed about 90 pounds. If a jock

couldn't make 90 pounds in those days, he was just about dead. I'd be up at five o'clock in the morning working horses and then be around the barn most of the day. Pay? Room and board, and the room wasn't much and neither was the board. I didn't ride a winner at Agua Caliente, and we moved on to Tanforan, and I got going. For a kid who didn't get his first winner until April of the year, I did pretty good."

Lewis finished 1931 as the third leading rider in the country, with 146 winners and \$133,152 in purses. When he rode his first winner, *The Blood Horse* noted that Lewis weighed 92 pounds and that he had spent five years "riding relay races and quarterhorses." Later that year the Coldstream Stud bought Lewis' contract for a then astonishing \$10,000. "He is the best prospect I've ever seen," Trainer Jim Lowe said at the time, "and I'm no spring chicken."

Of the \$10,000 contract fee, Lewis' family got \$3,500. "That was a huge amount of money then," Lewis said. "It was just about unheard of. Went to Chicago with Coldstream, and they put me up at the Cicero Hotel. It was just about the biggest thing I had ever seen. I got \$350 a month and paid for all my mounts and got staked too. Rode at Pimlico, Laurel, Bowie, Saratoga, Belmont."

There are few places Lewis hasn't ridden. "I remember him from years back,"

says Hall of Fame jockey Johnny Adams. "It must have been up in Seattle. I had to quit when I was 44 years old because of a bad back. To go on this long is remarkable. I understand the worst injury he ever suffered was a broken collarbone. Well, if you have to have an injury, that's the place to have it. I had more than a few of those. You never know when a horse falls what might happen. My grandson, Johnny Adams Jr., got smashed up bad this spring at Bowie, and he's riding a bicycle now, trying to get himself back in shape. Nobody knows how long it will take him. It's all such a matter of luck, both the good and bad parts of it."

When Lewis isn't riding, he can be found in his mobile home on the fair grounds at Pleasanton, often playing with his 13 grandchildren and one great grandchild "They keep you young," he says, "and when I'm not with them, I like to get my hands on old cars and soup them up, get them to run faster. I can find a lot of hours of joy just tinkering around with an old Chevy. A lot of people wonder if my family worries about me riding. Nope. I have four children, ranging in age from 42 down to 25, and they're used to it by now. My wife doesn't worry about it at all. Heck, every year she goes out to see me ride at least once."

A rider must change his styles as he goes from place to place on the fair circuit because the stretches and widths of the tracks vary greatly. Pleasanton, for instance, has a 1,085-foot stretch; Fennell's is only 530 feet. And Lewis knows full well the odd twists racing can take.

"Years ago," he says, "I used to ride a horse named Three Bars. He is one of the most successful sires of quarter horses in the country. I did good with him, but one day when I was scheduled to ride him, I had a commitment to ride another horse in a race that Three Bars was in, and I couldn't get out of it. Well, Three Bars got out on the lead, and there was no way anybody was going to catch him. But a way came up. A dog ran out on the track in front of him, and he got spooked just enough so I could beat him a nose on the wire. In racing you never know."

Lewis does not know how long he can continue riding, but right now he has no intentions of quitting. "I feel too good," he says. "I enjoy life. I'm no millionaire, but I made enough to get by on. Heck, what else is there?"



Allen Auten, 16, an apprentice at Pleasanton, benefits from Lewis' experience and teaching.

A Los Angeles Dodger catcher once threw a brushback ball at a San Francisco Giant pitcher, whereupon the pitcher conked the catcher with a baseball bat. A Giant manager and a Dodger coach got into a fistfight right in the middle of batting practice one day. When a scorer from a Los Angeles newspaper robbed a Giant pitcher of a no-hitter, a San Francisco newspaper denounced the larcenous act in an editorial. A Giant manager once had the Candlestick Park groundkeeper muddy up the base paths to bog down a Dodger base stealer. An umpire refused to allow a Giant batter to take first base, even though he had been hit with a pitch. There was a time

eight times in an 11-day span beginning this weekend. This stretch could well settle the hash of one or the other in the National League West, where upstart San Francisco has held a narrow lead over the expected divisional contenders, Los Angeles and Cincinnati, for most of the season. As a result, the Giants figure to draw more than half as many fans in the nine home games with the Dodgers this year as they did for all their games at Candlestick in 1977. San Francisco home attendance is more than double what it was at this time a season ago, and it already exceeds last year's total of 700,056 by more than 300,000. Clearly, Giant baseball is all the rage in the Bay Area again. In saloons and restaurants, on the floors of the brokerage houses, in the North Beach coffeehouses, in the parks and on the Bay, the most pressing question these days is "What's the score?"

There are hidebound traditionalists who still contend that the true Dodger-Giant rivalry died when the teams moved west in 1958. They would be right only with regard to their first year in California, when San Franciscans and Angelenos felt a rare kinship, both being major league rookies. The chumminess could not last, however, because the physical and spiritual differences between the two cities are recognized even by those who understand neither. Isn't Los Angeles the place where everyone wears sunglasses? And, oh yes, isn't San Francisco the town Anita Bryant wouldn't be caught dead in? Both, in fact, are exceedingly complex communities. Los Angeles is a good deal more than Beverly Hills; much of it and its myriad suburbs are inhabited by politically and socially conservative Middle Americans. San Francisco is not just another pretty face. It is a tough town with a healthy sense of its own identity. One city is spreading, forever reaching beyond its borders; the other is compact, inward-turned. You confuse them at your peril. The rivalry between the cities, *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen once wrote, "is a reflex built in at birth. It is firmly a part of the mystique of each city, and why not? It's fun to have an object of automatic disdain so close at hand."

THE BATTLE IS REJOINED

With the Giants contending again, the old San Francisco-Los Angeles rivalry has been rekindled, as have memories of Dodger-Giant feuds past

by **RON FIMRITE**

when the Dodgers and the Giants attracted 700,000 to 800,000 fans a year for their games against one another in Los Angeles and San Francisco. And on a fine October afternoon, champagne flowed through the streets of San Francisco.

Ah, but that was long ago. And what had been the game's most torrid rivalry has become tepid, has it not? Then why did Giant Pitcher John Montefusco say of the Dodgers only a week ago, "A lot of us can't stand those guys. They just get under our skin." And why will some 200,000 fans watch the teams play four games in Candlestick Park this week? No, the bitter old feud is not dead. Sure, it lay dormant for a while, but the resurgence of the Giants this season has revived it, and if the spectator response is any indication—and it certainly is—the rivalry has never been livelier.

In May, when the two teams last met, 153,113 fans saw three games in Los Angeles and 145,614 watched three more in San Francisco, the crowd of 56,103 on May 28 establishing a record for the Giants in San Francisco. There will soon be ample opportunity for more records because the Giants and Dodgers play

The transplanted ballplayers of the late '50s soon absorbed this sense of merry enmity, and a succession of unusual occurrences helped give Giants vs. Dodgers, in its California incarnation, a character quite distinct from New York vs. Brooklyn. The first such incident demonstrated that even a scorer's decision can exacerbate municipal prejudices. In 1959, Sam Jones, a laconic righthander who gnawed on a toothpick while he pitched, was the ace of the Giants' staff. On the night of June 30, in the Los Angeles Coliseum, he had a no-hitter working in the eighth inning when Jim Gilliam of the

Dodgers hit an easy bouncer to the infamously maladroit Giant shortstop, Andre Rodgers. True to form, Rodgers bobbled the ball, picked it up and, aware that further effort would only compound his folly, made no throw to first. The official scorer, Charlie Park of the *Los Angeles Mirror-News*, did not hesitate in calling Gilliam's grounder a base hit. Jones nearly swallowed his toothpick. Members of the San Francisco press shouted imprecations, but Park resolutely rejected all appeals. Base hit! Russ Hodges, broadcasting the game home to San Francisco, was tremulous with rage.

"If ever a man deserved a no-hit game, Sam Jones did tonight," he bellowed into the KSFO microphone. "The ball was a routine grounder."

The controversy did not die that night. The *Chronicle*, a wag of a newspaper, seized the opportunity to portray Park's decision as the embodiment of the Southern California mentality and to show up Charlie as the sort of bouncer who would willingly rob the North of its drinking water and its no-hitters. There are, the *Chronicle* editorialized, "dark and secret things, unrelated to reality and governed by no law of man or

continued



In the most notorious Dodger-Giant brawl of the heated '60s, Juan Marchal took a bat to L.A.'s John Roseboro, after the catcher had nearly "beaten" him.

nature, that happen all the time in the Los Angeles Coliseum. . . . Whatever the explanation, the facts are intolerable to San Franciscans who regard baseball as a sane pastime, bound by logical rules, fairly imposed. They don't like to have indignities inflicted on Sam Jones' no-hitter. This is a matter of principle, not sectionalism—a moral consideration which holds that it will be a cold day in Candlestick Park when any Dodger pitcher gets closer to an official no-hitter

prospect of playing the city's first World Series in a minor league park. The Dodgers resolved this dilemma by sweeping a three-game series in San Francisco, taking the lead themselves and pressing on to whip the White Sox and become California's first world champions. The battle now was truly joined.

The Giants avenged this humiliation three years later by tying the Dodgers on the last day of the season after L.A. had led by four with only seven games to play. The Dodgers' collapse was just as complete as the Giants' had been in '59; they lost six of those final games, the last two defeats coming by shutouts. In the subsequent playoff for the pennant, the Giants won two of three, thereby earning the privilege of losing to the Yankees in the World Series. It was a season in which Giant Manager Alvin (Swamp Fox) Dark had ground-keeper Matty Schab drench the base paths, purportedly to keep loose dirt from blowing in the wind, but actually to keep Maury Wills of the Dodgers, who was en route to a record 104 steals, from blowing the Giants out of contention. The conspiracy was not lost on Los Angeles observers. One more squirt from Schab's hose, wrote the *L.A. Times*' Jim Murray, "and the Red Cross would have declared second base a disaster area." Significantly, Schab was voted a full \$7,290 World Series share.

The 1962 race solidified the Dodgers' and Giants' new identities. Both teams had been reconstructed on the Pacific Coast, so there were few survivors from the New York-Brooklyn days. Sandy Koufax had never been a star in the East; he became one in Los Angeles. Wills and Tommy Davis, the new batting champion, had not even played in Brooklyn. Of the Giant stars, only Willie Mays remained a Coogan's Bluff patina. The others—Orlando Cepeda, Willie McCovey, Juan

Marichal, Jimmy Davenport—all began their careers in San Francisco.

The summer of '62 saw the emergence of yet another new star—the transistor radio. Because of the sunglasses, Nathaniel West had called Los Angeles "The City of the Blind"; with transistors now affixed to Southland ears, it looked more like "The City of the Deaf." And Bay Area fans were hardly less devoted to their tiny portable radios. The War Memorial Opera House in San Francisco banned the infernal machines after more than one diva complained of applause and cheers curiously unrelated to the aria in progress. Radios were not proscribed in Kezar Stadium, and on the last day of the baseball season, John Brodie, quarterbacking the 49ers against the Vikings, humbly raised his arms to still the deafening cheer that had interrupted his signal-calling. Brodie was flattered by the attention his modest efforts were receiving, until he discovered the cheers were for the eighth-inning home run the Cardinals' Gene Oliver had hit to beat the Dodgers and drop them into a tie with the Giants.

The next Wednesday, the intermission at the matinee of the musical *Oliver!* at San Francisco's Curran Theater was extended 25 minutes so that the theatergoers—and the actors—might hear the final inning of the last playoff game on their radios. Bartenders served customers only between innings. One downtown saloon had five television sets going simultaneously, and lunch hour for many that famous day dragged on into evening. When the Giants won, a pandemonium not experienced in San Francisco since V-J Day broke loose. At Grace Cathedral on Nob Hill, verger Charles Agnew rushed to his carillon and played the *Hallelujah* chorus from Handel's *Messiah*. Downtown traffic was jammed up until after midnight, and an estimated 75,000 fans congregated at the airport to hail the conquerors on their return from Los Angeles. The mob scene forced postponement of scheduled flights throughout the evening.

James Meredith's historic enrollment at the University of Mississippi that week resulted in rioting in Oxford, Miss. and astronaut Wally Schirra completed six orbits of the earth, but the *Chronicle's* page-one headline the morning of Oct. 4 read: THE CITY FLIES. As a San Franciscan, Governor Pat Brown was not immune to the baseball hysteria. His campaign for reelection that year, he

continued



Mays often heard this music when battling against the Dodgers

than the Jones boy did in the Los Angeles Coliseum."

The editorial writer had no way of knowing just how many cold days there would be in Candlestick Park, because the new stadium was still under construction in 1959, a matter of no small moment then. The Giants were playing in 23,000-seat Seals Stadium in a year in which, to their considerable surprise, they found themselves pennant contenders. In late September they were leading the league by two games and facing the

"Sooner or later, you have to stop playing games. And start thinking about what comes next."

Bert Jones

Bert Jones,
Baltimore Colts

A good place to start is the Army National Guard. You see, this is the best time of year to join the Guard. You can go right into training and advanced technical school with no waiting around.

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announced, was "the World Series of politics" and his opponent, one Richard Nixon, was "one of the most controversial players in the game of politics." Hardball politics, that is.

San Francisco's standing as the cultural capital of the West suffered mightily from the emotional response to the Giants' victory. "Good God," a woman told *The New Yorker's* Roger Angell, "people will think we're like Milwaukee or something."

The Giants and Dodgers were in another close race on Sunday, Aug. 22, 1965, when Pitcher Juan Marichal came to bat leading off the third inning against Koufax. There had been bad feeling between the teams all year, which had manifested itself in a succession of beanball episodes. And the tenseness of their rivalry had been increased the previous Friday night, when Wills ejected a catcher's-interference call out of the plate umpire, despite the insistence of Giant Catcher Tom Haller that Wills had deliberately touched his mitt with the bat. When San Francisco's Matty Alou tried the same gambit later in the game, interference was not called. The teams were seething that Sunday at Candlestick; Marichal had brushed back Wills in the second inning and Ron Fairly in the third.

Koufax' first pitch to Marichal was a called strike. The second was low and inside. In returning the ball to his pitcher, Dodger Catcher John Roseboro, no Marichal fan, threw hard and close to the pitcher's head. Marichal had half expected to be dusted off by the pitcher, but certainly not by the catcher. When he asked Roseboro what he was up to, the big catcher advanced on him menacingly. Marichal quickly recognized an unpromising situation: he was about to be set upon by a larger man wearing protective armor. Instinctively, he lashed out with the bat, fetching Roseboro a blow on the left side of the head. Players from both dugouts rushed onto the field, and Marichal was soon buried under a tangle of bodies. Beneath him was Plate Umpire Shag Crawford. Police finally quelled the disturbance on the diamond and prevented a near riot among the 42,807 fans.

Roseboro, bleeding from a two-inch wound, was led off the field by Dodger Trainer Wayne Anderson, and Crawford, upon regaining his feet and his dignity, tossed Marichal out of the game. After a 14-minute delay, the inning resumed, with Mays hitting a two-out, three-run

home off an obviously rattled Koufax. Those runs stood up, and the Giants moved to within a percentage point of the first-place Dodgers.

National League President Warren Giles fined Marichal a record \$1,750 the next day and suspended him for eight playing dates. The Los Angeles press found the penalty insufficient to the crime. "Let a common citizen whack someone over the head with a bat and see what he gets," wrote the *Los Angeles Times'* Paul Zimmerman. "This was baseball's chance to prove that attempted murder will not be condoned in the major leagues, and baseball blew it," the *Los Angeles Examiner* sermonized. "There is absolutely no justification, not even in the heat of a pennant race, for one man to attack another with a weapon on the playing field," said Roseboro reasonably, as he filed a \$110,000 damage suit against Marichal and the Giants. The case was settled out of court 4½ years later, with Marichal paying Roseboro \$7,500.

There was concern among Giant fans and assorted experts that Marichal, a sensitive man, might grow so disturbed over the ugly incident that his pitching would suffer. Hardly. In 1966, he had a 25-6 record. And in a final irony, he concluded his brilliant career in 1975 as a Dodger.

On May 31, 1968, in Dodger Stadium, Giant Catcher Dick Dietz was struck by a pitch thrown by Don Drysdale. It was the ninth inning, the bases were loaded, the count was 2-2, there was no one out and the Dodgers were leading 3-0. Dietz started toward first in the mistaken belief that he had broken up a shut-out. But Plate Umpire Harry Wendelstedt ruled Dietz had not made a reasonable effort to avoid being hit by the ball. The pitch that hit him became, therefore, ball three. The Giants' frantic protests were ignored, Manager Herman Franks was ejected, and Dietz was instructed to stand in again against Drysdale. He popped out to short left, and Drysdale retired the next two hitters to preserve his shutout.

An important shutout it was, because with it Drysdale tied a 64-year-old major league record of five consecutive scoreless games. In his next start, Drysdale threw yet another shutout to break the record. It was a considerable achievement, but it would not have been pos-

sible without Wendelstedt's unusual call on Dietz. "It was a gutsy call," said Drysdale's catcher, Jeff Torborg. "It would have been gutsy," responded Giant Vice-President Chub Feeney, "if he had made it in San Francisco."

The '60s were a fighting time, but soon after winning their divisional title in '71, the Giants faded from contention and the bitterness between the teams from San Francisco and Los Angeles subsided. Oh, in '73 there was a lively punch-up behind the batting cage between Giant Manager Charlie Fox and a Dodger coach named Lasorda, but it seemed merely an isolated incident between two middle-aged boys with long memories.

And yet it is a gentler moment that is frozen in memory. One thinks of Sam Cohen, the affable curmudgeon who operated the old Sam's Lane Club on San Francisco's chic Maiden Lane in the glory days of 1962. Sam proudly held a single share of stock in the Giants, and he made much of this minuscule investment, publishing a "minority report," which held the entire organization, from Matty Schab to Horace Stoneham, to account. Publicly, Sam reviled the Giants; privately, he adored them. And on the day they won the pennant, his normally dour countenance was suffused with a rosy glow.

His bar erupted in cheers and backslapping as Lee Wai's final out settled into Willie Mays' basket catch on the television screen. Sam silently detached himself from the hullabaloo and retreated to the refrigerator, from which he withdrew a bottle of Paul Masson champagne. With scarcely a word, he passed through the revelers and out onto Maiden Lane. There, with an appropriate flourish, he popped the cork and emptied the contents onto the street. It was an act so prodigal that even the most hysterical celebrant paused to watch. Why was this old man pouring good California champagne into the street when he should be drinking it or, as in the locker-room ritual, dumping it on someone's head?

Sam never dignified the resultant inquiries with a response, but it now seems perfectly obvious why he did it. He loved his Giants and he loved his city, and at a time when both were at their best, it seemed right that champagne should flow through the streets. As anyone who was around then can tell you, it was a very San Francisco thing to do.

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Huffing and puffing in Texas

There was a time, as Texas Manager Billy Hunter recalled last week, when baseball owners were seen but generally not heard. They made a token appearance in spring training to welcome back the veterans, introduce themselves to the rookies and wish everybody a good season. That was it. Then they vanished into the boardroom.

"The George Steinbrenners and Ray Krocs have changed all that," said Hunter. "It doesn't seem to matter whether they're involved in shipping or hamburgers. If those kind of people don't like the way their ball club is performing, they're going to let the manager and the players know what they think."

Although he referred specifically only to Steinbrenner and Kroc, it is not likely that Hunter had forgotten about his own owner. Hardly. Six nights earlier Brad Corbett had kicked open the door of the Rangers' clubhouse, following a 2-1 loss to Milwaukee, and harangued Hunter, his coaching staff and all 25 players on their various shortcomings.

"It's incredible to me that this team—with all its talent—has scored 153 runs less than Kansas City," he shrieked, ignoring the fact that the number was actually 63. "We've got to start playing with some pride. We're going to have a winner here in Texas—if not this year, then next, though I haven't written off this year. It's certainly not because you guys aren't well paid. I'll go broke if I have to. I'll fire till I'm dry."

Nobody would call Brad Corbett chantzy, what with the high-priced free agents—Bert Campaneris, Doyle Alexander, Richie Zisk, Doc Medich and Mike Jorgensen—he has brought to Arlington in the past two years. Not to mention the salaries that he is paying to stars obtained in trades, like Jon Matlack, Al Oliver and Bobby Bonds. So far, however, all the Rangers have to show for Corbett's wheeling and dealing and spending is a second-place finish last season and a lot of high hopes for a strong finish this year.

The 2-1 loss to the Brewers was the fifth defeat of what was to become an eight-game losing streak for Texas, something the Rangers could ill afford since

Owner Brad Corbett is kicking and screaming about the Rangers' showing

it came at a time when the division-leading Royals were in the midst of a 10-game winning streak. The Milwaukee loss was particularly galling to Corbett because it came in the 10th inning when Campaneris booted a grounder at short and Bump Wills dropped a pop-up behind second. Corbett waited until the final out, which reduced Texas' record to 46-48, 6½ games behind Kansas City. Then, with several belts under his belt, he headed for the Ranger clubhouse.

"At first he didn't say anything," says First Baseman Mike Hargrove. "But he was breathing mighty heavy."

"I didn't think anything of him com-

ing down," says Oliver. "I know Brad is a leaper. The only thing I care about is the fact that we don't intimidate opponents the way those Pittsburgh Pirate teams I played on did. The Rangers have got the bats. We just haven't shown it out on the grass."

"You have to remember," says Hunter, "that most of our guys haven't been together very long and, believe it or not, playing together as a team is just as important in baseball as it is in, say, football. But when Brad says, 'Let's do it,' he means right now."

Corbett's outburst was hardly uncharacteristic. On July 4 last year he broke into tears following a 1-0 loss and said, "I'm selling this team because it's killing me. They're dogs on the field and they're dogs off the field." But Corbett did not sell his Rangers, though his problem then was the same as it is now: lots of stars but too many egos, lots of hitting but too many slumps, big thrills and big disappointments. In other words, feast and famine.

continued



That's no victory cigar for Corbett, whose money hasn't yet bought Texas happiness or a pennant

For example, the Rangers' vaunted infielders—Hargrove, Wilks, Campaneris and Toby Harrah—are hitting an average of 55 points below their lifetime figures. Harrah, the whole show in Texas when the team moved there from Washington in 1972, is sulking. Hargrove, a steadfast, dedicated veteran, has an explanation for the team's failings. "I guess we're still trying to impress each other instead of the opposition," he says. "I know for myself, as a matter of pride, I want to show someone from the National League—like Al Oliver—that I'm a good hitter, too."

For their part, the outfielders have been either hot, horrid or hurt. Zisk, who was considered the top catch in last year's free-agent market and signed for a whopping \$3 million, made Corbett look like a genius when he slugged a ninth-inning homer on opening day to beat the Yankees and their much-ballyhooed free agent, Rich Gossage.

But at one point Zisk went 25 games without a home run, then injured his hand on July 2 and went into a 4-for-51 slump before he would allow doctors to place the hand in a cast. The cast came off Monday. Oliver, who had missed a month with a pulled muscle, returned shortly after Zisk's injury and kept Texas respectable. In his last 15 games Oliver has smacked nine doubles and vaulted ahead of Catcher Jim Sundberg as the Rangers' leading hitter, .312 to .305. Oliver twice had four-hit nights during his hot spell, most recently last Friday in Chicago as Texas defeated the White Sox 9-5.

Bonds came back to life that same night, ending an 0-15 drought as a Ranger in Comiskey Park by stroking a pair of skyscraper home runs.

Anchored by Matlack, the former Met, the pitching staff has been surprisingly good. But although his 2.18 ERA is second in the league to the Yankees' Ron Guidry's, Matlack is just as starved for runs in Texas Stadium as he was in Shea Stadium. In his last 60 innings he has given up only seven earned runs, luckily coming away with a 3-1 record despite a curious silence from Texas' bats.

"Matlack has just been super," says Corbett. "But our defense is no good, and all we ever talk about is how good we are. When I went down to the clubhouse the other night, I said, 'All right, fellows, let's see it for a change.' I hear

that Don Zimmer called us a collection of stars with no chemistry. Well, we have players who have been winners on other teams. I don't see why they can't do it in Texas. The business world is different. I know exactly what to do there. The problems are tangible. The problem with the Rangers is ego—as in 25 different ones. I'll tell you it's pretty frustrating trying to deal with something like that."

Away from the ball park, Corbett is a cool customer. A native of Long Island whose own major league baseball aspirations fizzled out deep in the minors in Fargo, N. Dak., Corbett has the appearance of a man who is always between weights. You can't tell by looking at him whether it is the trim ex-athlete or the futs that is struggling to get out. He moved to Fort Worth in 1968 and two years later was a millionaire at 32, parlaying a \$300,000 Small Business Administration loan into a fortune in the plastic-pipe and chemical-tubing business. He is president of Robintech, Inc., a company with 18 plants in eight states. With his financial success goes the company Learjet and a national of friends and business associates. He thinks nothing of taking 50 people to dinner at the Pimlico Hotel in Baltimore, throws a lavish party at the Boca Raton Club every year during spring training and knows a '67 LaFite-Rothschild from a bottle of Lancer's Rosé. In New York he stays at the Sherry-Netherland and in Chicago at the plush Whitehall Hotel, where the Rolling Stones holed up for two weeks during their recent American tour.

Corbett bought the debt-ridden Rangers two days before the 1974 season began and Texas nearly beat out the world champion Oakland A's for the division title. Attendance almost doubled that year and has remained at over a million every season since.

Like Charlie Finley, Corbett is shrewd, hyperemotional, a workaholic and omnipresent. And also like Finley, he doesn't seem to know when to stop maneuvering and let his players get used to one another.

"Brad became a successful businessman by selling one plant here and then buying another one over there," says Texas General Manager Danny O'Brien. "It means I have to be, shall we say, very flexible."

Some people—Archimedes for one—

get their brightest ideas in the bathtub. More often than not Corbett receives his inspiration while poring over sports pages and record books with 14-year-old Brad Jr. Indeed, Corbett readily admits it was the youngster who had the final say on a proposed Harrah-for-Graig Nettles trade with the Yankees in the spring of 1977. One night the phone rang at the Corbett home in Fort Worth and Yankee General Manager Gabe Paul, thinking he had Brad Sr. on the line, said, "Brad, are we going through with that Nettles-for-Harrah deal we were talking about?"

"No," said Brad Jr., who then hung up. And that was the end of that.

When the Rangers lose three or four in a row, Corbett has been known to turn manic. He is not above leaping onto a chair in the Stadium Club and quivering from head to toe with delight when a particularly appealing example of logic strikes him. His finest moments in this regard occurred at the winter meetings in Hawaii last December when he almost single-handedly engineered a four-team transaction involving 11 players that netted him Matlack and Oliver in return for six players of his own.

"Do you think this is the biggest deal ever made?" he shouted. Burt Hawkins, the Rangers' traveling secretary, informed him that it wasn't, that there had been a 17-player swap in 1954. But Corbett was already yelling at someone on the telephone.

"I did it! I did it!" he was saying. "I got Oliver and Matlack. . . . What do you mean I gave up too much. . . ? This is the biggest deal. . . . Here, Paul, you explain to him what this means for the Rangers."

"Who is it?" said Paul Hagan, a Dallas Times Herald writer, taking the phone. "It's Brad Jr.," said Corbett.

THE WEEK

(July 23-29)

by BRUCE NEWMAN

NL EAST How do the Pittsburgh Pirates love the state of California? Let them count the ways. They would love California to fall into the Pacific Ocean, they would love California to secede from the Union, not to mention the National League. The Pirates (0-6) were in a fight for

the lead in their division when they hit the West Coast. Seven straight losses later they were four games under .500 and seven games behind Philadelphia. The Giants took two of three from the Pirates, the Padres beat them three straight and the Dodgers finished them off with 7-3 and 2-1 defeats.

The St. Louis Cardinals (2-3) have proved they can lose anywhere, but Manager Ken Boyer also was not exactly a proponent of California. "I can't understand it," Boyer said. "The players keep saying they can't wait to go to the West Coast to play and get away from that St. Louis heat." Even in California the Cards needed a two-hitter from rookie Silvio Martinez, in a 2-1 victory over the Giants, and a 2-0 shutout against the Dodgers from Pete Vuckovich, to salvage a 4-13 record in that state this season.

The Phils (2-5) lost three at home to Atlanta, totalling 19 for 100 during the series. One of those losses was a 4-0 shutout on just four hits to the Braves' Tom Boggs (2-5). Steve Carlton won his 200th game in a 13-2 victory over Houston, then lost 2-1 to Cincinnati.

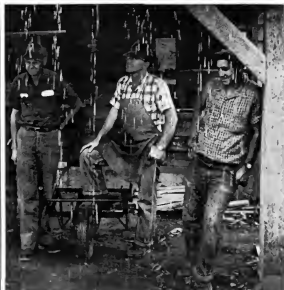
Chicago (3-4) finally got Dave Kingman off the injured list, only to lose Bill Buckner in an 8-2 loss to L.A. Buckner had just hit his third straight single and raised his average to .329 when he went down with a pulled hamstring. Montreal (1-6) blew a 5-0 lead in the bottom of the ninth against Houston, losing 6-5. From there it was all uphill for the Expos. The Mets (2-4) took two of three from the Reds in front of uncharacteristically large crowds that had come to Shea Stadium to see Pete Rose extend his hitting streak.

PHIL 54-44 CHH 51-49 PITT 47-51
MONT 48-57 NY 45-60 STL 40-63

NL WEST San Francisco went 3-3 and watched its once 3½-game lead shrink to a tie with the Dodgers. Still, it wasn't a total loss for the Giants, who didn't score a run in two games last Friday night with the Cubs but still won one of them. The Giants held off Chicago for the two innings remaining in a game which they led 9-8 when it was suspended eight days before. Then the Cubs' Dennis Lamp beat them 1-0, with the Giants leaving 11 men on base. San Francisco's pitching remained solid, but the club's hitting began to falter. Even Rightfielder Jack Clark suffered a hit at the plate, his consecutive-game hitting streak ending at 26.

The Dodgers (5-1) continued their hot streak, winning for the 33rd time in 48 games since June 10 with a 2-1 triumph over Pittsburgh. Don Sutton won his 11th in that game. Burt Hooton also won his 11th in an 8-2 defeat of the Cubs that completed a three-game sweep, and Tommy John raised his record to 12-7 with a 7-3 victory over the Pirates. John helped himself with a three-run double off a

continued



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29-ounce bat he borrowed from Pinch Hitter Manny Mota's 12-year-old son Andres. Now John is going to have to buy the kid a new bat; he broke it the next time up.

The Reds (4-3) lost three in a row, 9-2, 12-3 and 12-2, before recovering with a pair of wins against Philadelphia. Johnny Bench became the 41st player in major league history to hit 300 homers when he clouted his 13th of the season against the Mets. "They always said they wanted me to be a 300 hitter," said Bench. "Now I am."

Life suddenly became lovely at the bottom of the standings, where the three most woe-begone teams in the West had a 16-3 record. The Houston Astros (5-1) came home from a seven-game losing skid on the road and put together a five-game winning streak in the Astro-drome. Houston is 32-22 in its own ball yard, 14-34 elsewhere. J. R. Richard, who leads the league in strikeouts with 194, fired his third two-hitter of the season in an 8-3 victory over the Mets. It was a vintage Richard performance: smoke and wildfire. The strapping 6' 8" righthander uncorked three wild pitches in one inning, the second time he had done so this year and the second time he had tied the National League record for most wild pitches in one inning. He also walked five batters and struck out nine.

The Braves (6-1) beat the Phils three straight and took two of three from Montreal. As dismal as the season has been in Atlanta, Braves fans were encouraged to learn that the team's 46th win last Wednesday came exactly a month ahead of last season's 46th, which occurred on Aug. 26. Atlanta's No. 1 draft choice, Third Baseman Bob Horner, hit two home runs and a double in a 6-4 defeat of the Expos, then added another pair of homers in a 9-6 win over Montreal the next day.

The San Diego Padres (5-1) covered themselves in something approximating glory by winning five in a row and raising their record to 52-52, the first time in the club's 10-year history the team has been at .500 this late in the season. Rightfielder Oscar Gamble, who has hit .448 since June 21 and raised his average from a low of .211 on May 21 to .298 last week, has given up trying for home runs, despite the fact that he smote 31 while playing for the White Sox last season. He has hit only six this season, largely, Gamble says, because he has been unable to raise his sights above the 17-foot-high outfield wall in San Diego Stadium. By switching to a thicker bat, Gamble has been spraying the ball to all fields. "It isn't as much fun as hitting home runs," he says, "but we're winning, and I have to take what the pitchers give me."

Guylord Perry recorded his 257th win when the Padres beat Pittsburgh 6-5 and Bob Shirley got his first win in four weeks in a relief effort, also against the Pirates.

SF 61-42 LA 61-42 CIN 60-43
SD 52-52 ATL 48-54 HOU 46-56

AL EAST

The New York Yankees (5-3) had a manager when they left Chicago early last week. By the time they got to Kansas City they had no manager. Then they had a manager again, albeit a different one. By week's end they had two managers, one peering out of their dugout and the other circling like a martin over Yankee Stadium (page 12). From time to time, the Yankees also played baseball.

Boston (2-6) gave a lot, got a little. The Red Sox, in the midst of a 1-9 slide, lost their invaluable veteran, Carl Yastrzemski, who was hospitalized with a back injury. The Sox also scored only one run in 32 innings. However, they did get back Shortstop Rick Burleson, who had been on the disabled list since July 14 with an injured ankle. But most important, Boston managed to stay 5½ games ahead of second-place Milwaukee (2-5).

The Brewers were having problems of their own, committing 15 errors (six in one game) and losing twice to both the White Sox and Toronto. In the six-error game against California, an 11-9 loss, Brewer Pitchers Bill Travers, Randy Stein and Bill Castro walked six batters and hit four. The only bright spots were Pitcher Mike Caldwell, who won his 13th, and Gorman Thomas, whose four homers brought his season total to 23, tying him with teammate Larry Hyde and California's Don Baylor for second in the American League behind Boston's Jim Rice.

Baltimore (5-2) gained ground as Second Baseman Rich Dauer went 14 for 33. Nearly as hot was Third Baseman Doug DeCinces, who was hitting .336 for the month of July. DeCinces swatted two home runs—one of them a grand slam—Tuesday to lead Baltimore to a 7-6 win over Texas. The next day he had two more in a 9-6 loss to Detroit. Jim Palmer, who has been sprouting a good-looking mustache, won his 13th game, beating California 5-4.

Detroit (6-2) found a new pitcher named Kip Young, who won twice, and learned that Mark Fidrych, out of the lineup with shoulder problems, may return to active duty soon. Cleveland (3-4) tried, but failed, to mount a serious challenge to Toronto's (3-5) lock on the division cellar.

BS 64-37 ML 58-42 BAL 57-45
NY 56-45 DET 54-48 CLE 46-53 TOR 38-65

AL WEST

As a relief pitcher, Doug Bird of Kansas City (5-2) had been ineffective most of the season. He had a disappointing 3-4 record when KC Manager Whitey Herzog gave him his fourth start of the year against Seattle. Bird responded by holding the Mariners hitless for six innings, before giving way to Steve Minigori, who allowed only one hit en route to his fifth save in the 12-3 win. Rookie Pitcher Rich Gale pitched the Royals to their 13th win in 14 games with a 4-0 victory over Bos-

ton, the first time the Red Sox were shut out in Fenway Park since Aug. 24 of last year. The Royals suffered a blow, however, when they learned that Third Baseman George Brett would be lost for at least 15 days because of a bone chip in his right hand.

Things were popping again in Chicago's Comiskey Park, where Bill Vecek runs the White Sox (3-4) his own way. After the Sox had snapped out of a nine-game losing streak with a pair of victories over Milwaukee, Vecek announced the club would open its season—yes, again—on Friday night against Texas. Vecek hired three bands (mariachi, German, Dixieland) and had a pretty girl drop the first ball from what was billed as the world's largest hot-air balloon. As he doubtless had hoped, Vecek managed to divert attention from the fact that the Sox were once again losing and were 16 games under .500.

Texas slugger Bobby Bonds, who was playing for Chicago back on the first opening day of the season, wanted no part of this one. Since he was peddled to the Rangers (3-4), Bonds has been booed and pelted with garbage in the Comiskey Park outfield. He refused to join in the pregame introductory ceremonies, saying, "If there's a fine, I'll pay it. But I'm not going out there."

California (4-4) split two games each with Detroit, Cleveland, Milwaukee and Baltimore. Pitchers Nolan Ryan and Chris Knapp were mentioned as trade bait for Reggie Jackson of the Yankees. Ryan (5-9) has been wild and ineffective all season, and Knapp, who "retired" on July 16, was reinstated at his own request on Monday.

Charlie Finley had a talk with his Oakland

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BOB HORNER: The Braves' rookie third baseman had 12 hits, seven RBIs and four homers and scored nine runs in 27 at bats. Since his first major league game on June 16, he has batted .285, with nine home runs and 26 RBIs.

(4-3) players, and instead of grumbling they thanked him. Third Baseman Taylor Duncan credited Finley with advising him how to hit Chicago knuckleballer Wilbur Wood. After Reserve Infielder Bob Piccolo, a .212 hitter, got two hits in a 6-5 decision over Cleveland, he said Finley gave him advice about how to control his ball more effectively.

Seattle (3-4) swept a three-game series from Toronto, then woke up and lost twice to Kansas City and twice to Detroit. Manager Gene Mauch of Minnesota (4-4) got a three-year extension of his contract from owner Calvin Griffith, and the Twins continued to look as if it would take at least that long to field a contender.

KC 57-43 CAL 55-49 OAK 53-51 TEX 49-52
MIN 44-55 CHI 42-58 SEA 36-68

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Beating a triumphant retreat

The junior lightweight champ was upset by a cabin who knew about backing up

He is a small, worried man, constantly checking his watch. He bobs out of the room for another anxious look down the empty corridor. He pops back in and points out how foolish it is to worry, then says, "I'm worried because he's so late. I told him, 'Be here at 10:30.' I don't live close to him; I live in Queens. He don't tell me if anything goes wrong. He's been doing all right, 134, 135 pounds, but the last minute, you never know. You can have a fighter two, three days ahead and he's fine. Then, on the day ... well That boy puts on weight just breathing."

This is Peter Miranda, trainer. It is already 11:30 a.m., and he is waiting for his boy, Vilomar Fernandez, at the office of the New York State Athletic Com-

mission on lower Broadway. In the evening ahead, Fernandez, who has a 21-6-3 record, is to meet the great Alexis Arguello of Nicaragua in a 10-rounder at Madison Square Garden. Arguello is the WBC world junior lightweight champion and the former WBA world featherweight champion. In the view of most experts, this non-title bout will be merely a tune-up for Arguello on his way to a projected 1979 confrontation with Roberto Duran for the lightweight championship. This fight, they say, will be a useful yardstick against which Arguello can measure himself. Fernandez fought Duran in January 1977, and despite the fact that he was knocked out, he lasted 12 rounds. Arguello is now looking to dispose of Fernandez much more quickly than that.

Smooth, self-contained and neatly mustached, Arguello had been right on time for the morning's weigh-in, in keeping with the disciplined way he seems to handle his life. This added to Miranda's unease. "Always, I worry," he said, watching enviously as Arguello pulled up his jeans after weighing in at 135½ pounds. "I worry about my kids, about their weight. I spend a lot of my own money. Most of my boys are poor; they need this, they need that. I wasn't always in this racket. For 20 years I

Hitting occasionally, running a lot, Fernandez (right) made it a frustrating night for Arguello.

worked for the sanitation department."

By 11:35 a.m., just when Miranda is clearly regretting having left the sanitation department, Fernandez arrives. He weighs in half a pound lighter than Arguello, and Miranda sighs with relief. "Where you been?" he says.

Fernandez is all innocence. "I lost my way," he says.

Fernandez was born in the Dominican Republic, but he has lived in the Bronx for 12 years, which is half his life. He is a New York City cab driver, a calling that ought to make it more difficult for him than for most folks to lose 270 Broadway. And while Miranda's immediate crisis is over, he still frets. "He made the weight," he says, "but I hope he's in good shape."

Earlier in the week there had been no such downbeat musings in the Arguello camp. If a building could develop psoriasis, Bobby Gleason's gym on West 30th Street would be getting sunlamp treatment now, but even the peeling, sweaty walls, with a portrait of President Eisenhower looking down disapprovingly, couldn't dampen the confidence of Al Silvani, Arguello's trainer, as his fighter worked in the wicked humidity.

"In the present state of life in this world," said Silvani, who has a weakness for the baroque in his statements, "I would say that pound for pound, Arguello is the best fighter in the world. He has the necessary jab and the necessary right cross; he's got the left hook to the body, to the head. He's got the right uppercut. He weaves. He has a lot of foot movement. He has the hardest punch in the division. You can't call for more than that. He will take Duran in the early part of next year." Silvani might have added that Arguello, the first Central American boxer to have won two world titles, also has an intimidating record in both divisions: 59 fights, 49 KOs and three losses. "In five or six months he'll be there," Silvani said. "He's fighting Fernandez to see how he stands up to a full 135-pounder like Duran."

Silvani was born in Greenwich Village; he won't say when, except that he says he was first involved in a pro fight in 1926. Now he lives in Burbank, Calif. "Just finished teaching street-fighting techniques to Clint Eastwood," he said.

continued



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BOXING continued

"And did you see me in *Rocky*? I was the cut man in the movie *Rocky*." He came back to the present. "Now, this Fernandez is short and thickest. My fighter is going to have to throw uppercuts, hooks to the body."

Arguello agreed. "I make this fight, then I make two more defenses—maybe four or five bouts—before Duran. Duran say he going to kill me, but I will speak to him in the ring about that. I saw Fernandez against Duran, and I say Fernandez is a good fighter, with a good movement. He wanna beat me. He wanna opportunity for world title." But these, one feels, are stock responses. What Arguello really wants to talk about is the souvenir of New York he will bring home: a pair of Dobermans. "I have monkey. My mother have two monkey. I have parrot. I love all animals." An odd, genuine passion. But this time he left his 18-year-old wife at home in Managua and uncompromisingly says why. "She make too much trouble. She like to go to plays. She buy too much. I come to New York for work."

And he found it when he and Fernandez got into the ring last Wednesday night. The opening rounds went as expected, Arguello, with a longer reach, set the pace against the stockier Fernandez, popping out lefts as Fernandez retreated. Yet even in retreat, Fernandez showed footwork that was faster and more sophisticated than Arguello had been led to expect. In the second round, Arguello caught his man with a couple of right hooks, but Fernandez countered sharply and danced away again. And by the third round, the Garden crowd began to appreciate that while Fernandez was fighting defensively, his was a planned and controlled retreat. What's more, he was scoring with his right hand, even though the punches weren't hurting Arguello.

By the fourth round, Arguello was looking a bit puzzled as he attempted to herd Fernandez into place, like a cop on crowd duty. Fernandez retreated, scoring more points. Not until the fifth round was there a serious exchange, and that was when Arguello lost his impressive look. The cop was getting irritated now. He started to catch Fernandez with combinations. In the sixth, he stepped up the pace even more and it looked as if Fernandez, in spite of his careful plan, was going to be overrun. For 10 seconds at the end of the round, Arguello was scoring at will with head and body shots and,

most damaging of all, with an overhead right. It looked like the kill. Boring in, Arguello had Fernandez on the ropes, his dancing feet stilled. And then came the bell.

No way Fernandez could survive, it seemed. But surprisingly, Arguello made no attempt to finish Fernandez off in the seventh. And Fernandez just as surprisingly demonstrated that the battering had not affected his footwork: clear-headed again, he was retreating even faster than he had in the early rounds. And he was still capable of hitting back and scoring points. He unloaded three lefts that puzzled Arguello, and he ended the round with a flurry of body blows. Not only was Fernandez still in contention, but almost certainly he was ahead on points.

In the eighth, desperate and frustrated, Arguello stood in the center of the ring, pleading with Fernandez to mix it. Fernandez did not. Arguello came on again. Fernandez retreated and scored. The ninth was a repeat performance. It was clear that Arguello was not only being

outboxed but, uncharacteristically, was also lacking in aggression. Only an aggressive breakthrough in the last round could save the fight for him.

He came very near it. He managed to close with Fernandez and for 25 seconds battered him with furious rights and left hooks to the body. As in the sixth, it seemed to be the finish. But then Fernandez was dancing away from the ropes again, and he was still dancing at the bell. Peter Miranda ran to him, hugged him, then swung him high in delight. Fernandez won on a majority decision. Two officials scored it 6-4, 5-4-1 Fernandez, the other had it 5-5.

In his dressing room, Arguello sat unmarked. He could even smile urbanely. Answer urbanely too. "He knows his work," he said of Fernandez. Did the decision upset him? "I respect the boxing commission," he said. But some things he had to say. "He didn't fight with me. I wanted 10 more rounds. He just wanted to stay alive for 10 rounds. But I was discouraged how he took my punches."

Silvani insisted that the loss didn't matter. "Here's a guy going from side to side, going back. He's not just a bicycle, he's a motorbike." He smoothed the wrinkles in his Hollywood Executives Health Club T shirt. "This fight will not affect the Duran plans. At least Duran will fight my boy. At least he will trade punches."

No doubt about that. If there is one thing that Duran is not, it is a cyclist. And if Arguello does, indeed, get the 1979 match he seeks, he will have to show to greater advantage to have a chance against the hard-hitting Duran.

Fernandez, meanwhile, was holding court. Yes, he had planned this fight strategy. Arguello's mistake was in being too wild. "He just tried to knock me out," Fernandez said. "And he couldn't."

Clearly, Fernandez is a better boxer than was expected. But for the moment, the worried look leaving his face at last, Peter Miranda stood and grinned. "I've just been bored!" he told anybody who would listen. **END**



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Going to summer school

Most No. 1 draft choices idly burnish their Rolls-Royces during the off-season, but Milwaukee's Kent Benson is struggling to polish his game in Los Angeles gyms

A summer league basketball game was in progress on a warm night in Los Angeles, where a second-stage smog alert had been declared. Out on the floor of the Cypress College gym, Kent Benson, who a few years ago was the premier college basketball player in the country, had committed his sixth foul in a game between Milwaukee Buck rookies and a team made up of free agents and Center Swen Nater of the NBA's new San Diego franchise.

John Killilea, the Bucks' assistant

coach, frustrated by the call—and also with Benson—was ejected for protesting too vociferously. "The reason I got so angry," said Killilea later, "is that it costs the Bucks \$30,000 to bring a team out here for six weeks. The only reason we did it this summer is because of Bennie. I've spent 75 to 80% of my time thinking, 'What can we do to get Bennie going?' Then, here we have a perfect learning situation—a close game in the last few minutes with a Nater to go up against—and where is Bennie? On the bench with six fouls."

When Benson came to the bench, the free-agent team immediately went inside to Nater, who was fouled by Buck Forward Otis Howard, a muscular fourth-round draft choice from Austin Peay.

"Not your fault, Otis, don't sweat it," yelled Benson from the sideline. "You got nailed because you're still a rookie."

And so, too, at this point in his career is Kent Benson.

While two of his more successful young teammates, ex-UCLA stars Marques Johnson and David Meyers, were taking a well-earned vacation from the nearly nine-month NBA season by sleeping late and hitting the beach, Benson was slaving away at the game of basketball in a gym one-third the size of the New Castle, Ind. arena where he played high school ball. His task during the six-week refresher course is simple. After averaging only 7.7 points and 4.28 rebounds per game as a part-time player last year, he has to prove he belongs in the NBA.

Not that Benson's backup center's job is on the line: he

is in the second year of a six-year, no-cut contract worth \$150,000 a year. It's just that the summer league, the equivalent of baseball's instructional league, is no place for the NBA's top draft choice. Austin Carr (1971) did come out and play when he was trying to rehabilitate an injured leg, and LaRue Martin (1972) has participated off and on while trying to find a spot in the pros following his release by Portland. Also, players like Paul Westphal, George Gervin and Dennis Johnson got their first taste of pro experience in the SCPBL before becoming NBA stars. But, basically, the league is a tryout camp at which teams can weed out draftees and free agents who have no chance of making the roster. Once in a great while a has-been will resurface, such as 36-year-old Joe Caldwell, a former NBA and ABA All-Star who this summer is in the midst of what seems to be an unsuccessful attempt at a comeback. Such a mixed bag of personalities and ability levels tends to produce wild games with high scores. A lot of players come off the court twitching their shoulders, shaking their heads and muttering, "I was open in the corner . . . I was open in the corner."

Besides the Bucks, who sent out Forward Ernie Granfeldt (6.9 points a game in his rookie season) as well as Benson, six other NBA teams are represented in the SCPBL this summer—the Chicago Bulls, Golden State, Portland, Los Angeles, Houston and Phoenix. There also are two teams of free agents. After his problems against one of the free-agent teams, Benson settled down and through last Friday night held the league scoring lead with a 28.8 average in seven games. In his last three games he had scored 99 points and upped his rebounding average in 10.7, but as Killilea says, "We didn't know what was in Bennie's head last year, and we still don't. All I know is that he has to make a lot of improvements from within. The funny thing about Bobby Knight players is while they know the game, they tend to do things by the numbers. Benson is somewhat the same way. For four or five minutes he shows some Dave Cowens-type insinuity, but then it stops. We're trying to get him to react better to changing situations."



A star at Indiana, Benson went through a rocky rookie year

continued

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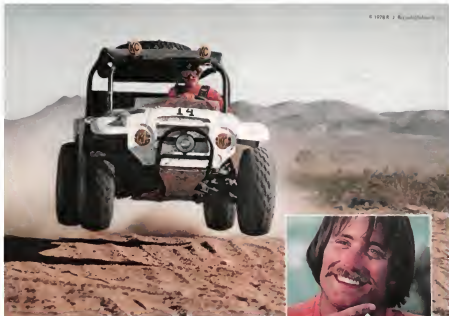
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Benson skipped the summer league last year—against the Bucks' wishes—and did not play particularly well during the exhibition schedule, making his share of rookie mistakes and nearly getting eaten alive by the 76ers' front line one night. However, the Bucks' expectations were considerably lower in October than they were by the end of the season, when Milwaukee upset Phoenix in the first round of the playoffs and took Denver to seven games in the Western Conference semifinals.

When the Bucks came home last Oct. 18 to open the 1977-78 season against Los Angeles, Benson was the team's starting center. By all indications he seemed headed toward a promising career. Then he got Kareem. The two men had never played against each other, yet the fight developed immediately. Benson had said the biggest adjustment he would have to make from college ball to the pros was learning the "push and shove style of play in the NBA," and in jockeying for position on his first offensive series in the NBA he caught Abdul-Jabbar in the stomach with an elbow. Kareem doubled up in pain, then moments later flattened Benson from the blind side with a roundhouse right.

Abdul-Jabbar broke his right hand in the process, and was fined \$5,000 by the league. Benson's injuries, both physical and emotional, were more serious. The blow to the head resulted in a mild concussion. "It was a horrible way to break in with my parents and fiancée watching," Benson says. He had severe headaches for nearly two months after the incident, and around Christmas he went on TV in Milwaukee and painted a chilling picture of his mental anguish.

"I am still fearful," he told Bucks Announcer Eddie Doucette. "I see these fists coming at me whenever I turn my head from side to side on the court."

Benson actually missed only one game following the fight, but the Bucks played better with John Gusek in the lineup, and Benson never came close to winning his starting job back. When he sprained an ankle and tore knee ligaments in a collision with New York's Bob McAdoo in December, the Bucks got Jim Eakins to back up Gusek and Benson. Benson's rookie season had hardly been anything to write Bobby Knight about.

Benson played on Knight's 1976 NCAA championship team at Indiana, which, except for an injury to Scott May,

might have won two NCAA titles and 69 games in a row. A two-time All-America, Benson would likely have been any NBA team's choice as the first pick in last year's draft. He was listed as 6' 11" and 245 pounds, and though he has small hands for someone his size and wasn't considered quick or a great leaper, he set a mean pick, didn't shy away from contact and could shoot a jump shot from outside and put up a short hook shot. He had averaged a solid 19.8 points and 10.4 rebounds per game during his senior year.

There was a catch, however, which was easy to see when Benson lined up against the 6' 11" Nater the other night. Instead of being 6' 11" himself, which was what he was listed as at Indiana, Benson seems more like 6' 9". Two inches may not sound like much, but they are very important in Benson's case. Perhaps that even answers Killilea's incessant question: "Why, when Bennie hustles so hard, isn't more happening out there?"

It should be noted that Bill Walton needed two years to overcome injuries and to adjust to life in the NBA. So, too, may Benson. But if he is going to develop into the dominant center that Milwaukee needs to go with its wondrous young forward, Johnson, and his running mate, Meyers, Benson is going to have to step out of character a bit.

"Kent is such a decent, civilized, God-fearing person that I think he's going to have problems reconciling his idealistic view of the world with the superficial approach to life that he sees in the NBA," says one member of the Bucks. "All year long he hustled, yet the look on his face seemed to be saying, 'Is this what life is about? A smashed-up face, nothing but travel and lots of questions about when am I going to live up to my potential?'"

Apart from being a pro basketball player, Kent Benson is a very religious, family-oriented bass fisherman from southern Indiana, who never came close to adapting to the life of an NBA gypsy in his rookie season. A confirmed non-drinker in a confirmed beer-drinkers' town, he didn't sit on a barstool or sweet-talk a barmaid the entire year—which is to say that he didn't spend many off-hours with his teammates. Eating out with them in a restaurant was O.K., as long as they weren't going for something like enchiladas, which are not within Benson's realm of experience, either. When he was invited to a teammate's



A hot streak helped Benson's scoring average

apartment for dinner, he often replied with a polite but firm "No thanks," so that he could relax at home with the Bible and call his fiancée back home in Indiana. He never became one of the guys, on the court or off.

"I realize now that I alienated myself from my teammates," Benson says, "but I'm such a down-to-earth person. I was, well, surprised at all the big-city guys in this league with their big-city life-styles. This year I guess there's no reason I can't go into a bar with Grunfeld or somebody on the road and have a Coke while they have a couple of beers. Maybe I'll really get to know them that way and it will help me play better. To be honest, basketball is just a job to me at this point in my life. But I feel 110% better about it right now than I did last year when all I ever thought about was why, why, why or if, if, if."

"It has been somewhat humbling for me to have to come out and prove myself in the summer league. But I'm man enough to do what I have to do to become the kind of player that I want to be again and that the Bucks organization wants me to be."

END

Love conquers almost all

Bea and Chuck Farber don't stable their horses, groom them or cool them out—what they do is kiss them, and the shaggy clemers rarely finish out of the money

Around Detroit's Hazel Park racetrack Bea and Chuck Farber are something of a mystification. They win a lot of races, which isn't by itself all that unusual. The thing about the Farbers is that they do it with a stableful of unclassy horses and training methods that baffle fellow horsemen and astound some of them. "Their horses are small, shaggy-looking clemers," says veteran Driver Joe O'Brien. "They don't cool them out. They don't even remove the bridles between trips when they train. After a race, the horse jumps into a trailer to go home, and he'll stand there while they stop someplace for a hamburger. Now, I ask you: How can anybody win doing this?"

Nevertheless, the Farbers win. Often. This season Bea could be en route to a half-million-dollar year. Apart from be-

ing the top woman driver in the country, during her nine-year career she has driven some 40 sub-two-minute miles and has a lifetime driving percentage of .386, both women's records.

Nine years ago hardly anyone in harness racing even knew the Farbers. Chuck was a struggling trainer-driver and Bea was a legal secretary, a job she left to pursue her lifelong interest in horses. "I bought a standardbred, which I originally intended to turn into a jumper," she says, "but he could trot so fast under a saddle that someone said, 'Why don't you race him?' It gave me ideas." Bea met Chuck when she sold him a pacer. "Our marriage is as much a business convenience as anything else," she says, "and it's worked out."

Indeed it has. At the start of the Far-

ber partnership, Chuck did all the driving, which didn't prevent Bea from handing out advice. "Finally he teased me into getting my license," she says, "and I won the first race I drove." Chuck Farber is a man of few words. "Bea gets more speed from a horse," he says. "She's the better driver, so now she drives everything." But she only drives the Farbers' horses. "Sure, I could make more money driving for other people, too," she says, "but Chuck feels that catch-driving interferes with our work. Of course, in the beginning, the extra money would have helped. But in the beginning, nobody else would have wanted me."

In 1970, her first year driving, Bea Farber brought in \$1,274 ("Now I get more than that just for appearing in a *Battle of the Sexes* promotion," she says). Last year she earned almost \$400,000. She has been winning more than one-quarter of her starts. "That's why everybody gets so upset with us," she says. "The reason I win so many is that I'm familiar with our horses, and they're all so well-trained."

Well-trained? The Farber standardbreds have to be the ultimate free spirits of horsemanship. Some 30 of them, those in training, are kept in a field on their tiny 80-acre farm in Brighton, Mich. They drink from a pond and roll in the dirt. "The ones at home like to wait up by the gate for any of the others that have a race," says Bea. And when the trailer pulls up at 2 a.m., returning from Hazel Park, several horses whinny and greet the returning heroes, who promptly cluster off the trailer and join them in the darkened pasture.

The Farbers' 2-year-olds do not race, thus escaping the pressures put on Grand Circuit horses. "Heck, they eat rabbit pellets and green apples," says one trainer. "Those people don't even have stalls in their barn." True. The Farber barn is for heavy equipment—backhoes, tractors and such—"Chuck's toys," Bea describes them.

The barn also houses a pair of treadmills. "Treadmills are great devices to train horses on," says Bea. "A horse will really fly when he comes off one." They have to fly in the Farber training regimen, because there is no track at the farm. Each morning, Bea Farber loads up five or six horses, hauls them the 35

Owner-driver Farber snooches Emerald Star, a 9-year-old mare who's won more than \$200,000.

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*Estimated average based on information received from the American Podiatry Association.

miles to Hazel Park, drives each animal four miles, then hauls them back home.

All Farber horses wear the same sort of plain aluminum shoes, the blacksmithing being done by Chuck. "He always says, 'Let the feet fit the shoes, they'll get used to them,'" says Bea. "And of course, everybody in Michigan knows the kind of shoes our horses wear; they all pick up their hooves to see if that's where the winning secret is."

Ben Farber does not invest heavily in the usual harness racing frills. "You won't see any of those fancy \$275 tack trunks around Farbers'," says one groom. "They might bring a bucket of swamp water and a few towels from home, and maybe a scrub brush to dust a horse with, if he's racing."

All this do-it-yourselfing might seem a rather casual way of handling delicate standardbreds, but the Farbers insist it isn't. "Our colts live in the most natural environment possible," says Chuck. "They're turned out every day. Some other racehorses haven't been out since they were yearlings. And we respect the personality details of the animals." He mentions Quick Candy, a 6-year-old gelding that thinks it's a goat. Candy huts. "Now, if you let a horse get away with a thing like butting, he thinks he's put one over on you, so he'll give you a little more when you race," says Chuck. "On the other hand, if you break a horse of these small quirks, you'll eventually break its spirit."

The Farbers breed all their own horses at a farm near Macon, Ga., and of the 100 head they maintain on a year-round basis, perhaps half a dozen are good ones. Many are the offspring of Quick Harry, an unspectacular pacer that became a prolific sire. Five of Harry's offspring have raced in under two minutes, Quick Command having gone in 1:55½ and Quick Candy in 1:57.

The Farber horses are all pacers except Chuck's trotter, Quick Scamp, which he alone trains and drives. Not long ago he drove against the legendary Billy Houghton, coming in second to Houghton's sixth. Afterward, Houghton said, "That guy doesn't even carry a whip. All he kept saying was, 'Come on, baby! Come on, baby!' He passed me twice. How could he do that without a whip?"

There are 14 sub-two-minute milers in the Farber herd, and an aged mare, Emerald Sear, has won more than \$200,

000. But most of the horses look like candidates for the glue-works.

"Once, between races, I was looking at one of their horses," says Houghton. "I said, 'Is that a racehorse?' and was told it had just won the last race. It looked as if it didn't even belong in Central Park pulling a carriage." Even Chuck admits, "Our horses really don't have any business doing what they do."

But if the Farbers' horses are noted for winning when they shouldn't, they're even more notorious for not winning after they've been claimed. "Soon as somebody gets one of ours, it mopes, lies down, won't eat," says Bea. Some say the horses tremble violently when taken from the Farbers, as if undergoing withdrawal symptoms. "When a horse leaves us, he loses his freedom," Bea says. "Suddenly he has to live out of a stall. No wonder he sulks." For anyone but the Farbers, the horses tend to perform with the vigor of a cross-town bus during a rainy rush hour. "Ever since Quick Charlie was claimed a while back, he's been dead last every race," Bea says.

The Farber mystique evokes a running commentary by bettors and backstretchers alike. "Nobody will bad-mouth them because nobody can figure out why they win all the time," says John Keener, a groom for the Chris Borjg stable. "People don't resent Bea because she's a woman, they resent her because she was everything. You want to think it's drugs, but their horses test clean. You see how they operate. The pieces just don't fit together."

Those sentiments are heard like a Greek chorus at Hazel Park or Wolverine—wherever Bea Farber drives. "I spend \$200,000 to \$300,000 to keep my horses in shape, give them the best food," Houghton says, "and still you can't be sure you'll win. These people do everything wrong, all wrong. Yet they continue to win races. It's unbelievable. I don't understand it."

Neither do bettors, but they just bank on an almost sure thing when Farber horses race, and collect frequent if unremarkable bucks. Bea Farber is a crowd pleaser at the Michigan tracks, and because her horses do poorly when they travel, the Farbers infrequently race out of town. "We're most comfortable here in our own backyard," she says. According to Bea, her presence increased the Wolverine handle some \$100,000 a night.

"People actually come up to me and say, 'Thank you for winning,'" she says. "One couple said they bought all their furniture with money they'd won on me. Another man started a fleet of limousines. That's so nice to know. So when I drive, I should win. I figure that I owe it to people to win."

Her competitive streak developed early on. As a child, she would race the cows on her parents' farm. "They'd always wonder why some cow suddenly went dry," Bea recalls. "And I had a palomino mare I used to drag-race. You know, against the boys' hot rods. We'd win. Of course, they were old cars."

She has suffered the hazards of her sport: a broken pelvis, near loss of an eye, dislocated vertebrae. "It's business," she says, and keeps on driving. "I don't think of myself doing anything great for women's liberation by driving," she adds. "I just do what I'd rather be doing more than anything else in the world. And I want to be known not only as a driver, but also as someone who is all-round good with horses."

Bea Farber is unashamedly affectionate with animals, treating her racehorses as if they were oversized puppies. Recently she planted a big smooch on Emerald Sear, saying, "I've got more people kissing their horses now instead of hitting them." The mare looked a shade embarrassed, but plainly loved the attention. Bea says that fondling and talking to her horses assures them that they are loved and is one of the reasons they do so well at the track. "I just love them, they're all my babies," Bea coos as she cross-ties Emerald Sear. Somehow you can't imagine Billy Houghton or Del Miller behaving that way.

Bea believes she has telepathic powers, where horses are concerned and says they can read her mind as easily as she does theirs. It is such talk that leads other horsemen to speculate that she practices witchcraft on her stable. "They say there must be some secret brew our horses drink," says Bea, laughing, "or that we plant tiny computers into a horse and program it to win. That's what people have said."

She effortless throughout her 18-hour days, paying scant attention to talk. "I believe that time is flat," she says, "so the past means nothing. You can't do anything about what's up ahead. All you've got is right now." And right now, Bea Farber is winning.



January 27, 1978: Ford engineers conclude a series of scientific ride comparison tests between a \$22,000 Mercedes Benz 280SE, and a Ford Granada Ghia.

A FORD GRANADA GHIA. HOW DID IT COMPARE IN SMOOTHNESS AND QUIETNESS OF RIDE WITH A \$22,000 MERCEDES BENZ?



TEST A: SMOOTHNESS

To test for "riding smoothness," Ford engineers drove a Mercedes and a Granada over various road surfaces and at different speeds. Using a sensitive electronic recorder, they measured vibration levels.

TEST RESULTS:

Analysis of the data showed that in 3 out of 4 of the test conditions, "both cars rode with virtually the same level of smoothness."

TEST B: QUIETNESS

To evaluate for "riding quietness" both cars were again driven over a variety of road surfaces and at different speeds. A sound level meter recorded their interior sound levels on the dB (A) scale.

TEST RESULTS:

Analysis of the data showed that the Granada rode almost as quietly as the Mercedes. Average of all tests: Granada only one decibel higher.

CONCLUSION:

This Ford Granada Ghia rode with a level of smoothness and quietness close to a \$22,000 Mercedes. Ford Granada—classic styling and riding comfort at a Granada Ghia price.

FORD
GRANADA
FORD DIVISION



1 Luxury interior 2 Data Analyzer 3 Decibel Sound Meter 4 Granada Ghia 2-Door





IN AN ORBIT ALL HIS OWN

Bill Lee, the Spaceman, takes a different track, whether he's "retiring" from the Red Sox, lofting a Leephus pitch or probing the wisdom of Zevon

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Bernie Carbo says that in baseball a flake is merely someone who is not boring, someone who enjoys himself. Someone like Bill Faul, whom Carbo remembers from the minor leagues because of his rather outré appetite. According to Carbo, Faul once interrupted a dreary evening in the clubhouse by biting off the head of a live parakeet and gulping it down. This came as no surprise to those teammates who had witnessed Faul's performance the day before, when he chewed up a live toad and swallowed it. "Now there was a flake," says Carbo. "Bill Lee goes much deeper than that."

What does the number 337-7718 stand for? Bill Lee upside down. "I'm just an excitable boy," says Lee.

continued

SPACEMAN

continued

During the nearly 10 years that 31-year-old Bill Lee has spent pitching and performing in the uniform of the Boston Red Sox—two similar activities which in Lee's case can be vastly dissimilar—there have been countless occasions on which Lee has reinforced his image as America's paragon of lefthandedness.

More often than not, Lee's act has been punctuated by his blurting out a lyric or two from a rock song with which nobody in his right mind would be familiar unless he had an FM receiver firmly embedded in his gizzard. Since the overseers of our National Pastime are still poking around stacks of Vaughn Monroe platters while the world inhabited by Bill Lee boogies to Steely Dan, few of them can empathize with—much less approve of—him.

It is not so much that anyone objects to Lee jumping off motel balconies into swimming pools or playing bullpen Frisbee games with bleachers. Or making references to his own error-prone infielders as "guys who are lucky they can see" and to former Yankee Manager Billy Martin and the New Yorkers as "that neo-Nazi and his Brown Shirts." These are run-of-the-mill nutty things to do and say. Mere rattles in the playpen of flakedom. Lee is not satisfied with such kid stuff.

Sure enough, so that nobody—not even his blonde, frizz-curl'd jewel of a wife, Mary Lou—would know what he was about to do on the afternoon of June 16, Lee kept mumbling rock 'n' roll non sequiturs during his daily rounds:

Speeding along in his lime-green BMW toward an appearance at the Massachusetts Hospital School for the Handicapped—"You can't run away from yourself. . . . Bob Marley & The Wailers." Riding in an elevator to the fourth floor of the Jordan Marsh department store in downtown Boston, where a group of housewives wanted for him to divulge his recipe for vegetarian lasagna—"Ob-la-di ob-la-da, life goes on. . . . The Beatles." Walking through the players' parking lot at Fenway Park—"Don't go changin' to try and please me. . . . Billy Joel." Riding, walking, talking, everywhere, all day—"He's just an excitable boy. . . . Warren Zevon."

Later that day Lee stormed into the Boston clubhouse, cleaned out his locker, hurled his nameplate to the floor, walked out on the Red Sox and thoroughly "retired" from baseball.

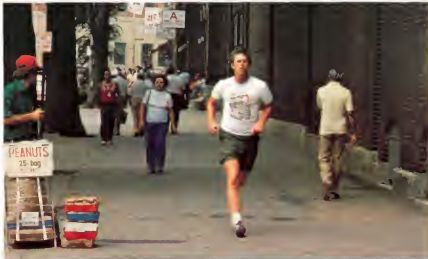
This was so woefully a news story to the millions of New Englanders who concurrently love and hate Lee that the baseball-mad Boston newspapers banned it on the front pages, above the Carter-Tor-

rijos meetings in Panama. In truth, the only novelty was how utterly unsurprising Lee's behavior really was. A man who lives by the sword dies by it. In this case Lee's blade was a career-long, counter-culture appreciation of systematic, laid-back whimsy. "He's just an excitable boy. . . . Warren Zevon."

Much of Lee's rambling over the years has been about such terrific subjects as pyramid power, zero population growth, the goodness of soyburgers, the badness of sugar, interplanetary creative Zen Buddhism and heavy, heavy, zapped-out karma. But Lee's philosophy is more out of comic books—to be specific, *The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers*, which his 8-year-old son Michael shares with his dad—than Nietzsche or Vonnegut or even Paramahansa Yogananda.

Moreover, Lee's spiritual leaders are pop music legends. He has repeatedly seen *American Graffiti*, a movie about rock 'n' roll and the '50s, which was filmed along Fourth Street in San Rafael, Calif., where Lee grew up. His brother Paul was stabbed at a Jimi Hendrix concert, an event that gave shape, Lee says, to his own "wariness of peripheralness and the absurdities in daily life." Records and tapes and programs from rock concerts clutter up the front room of Lee's large duplex in suburban Belmont.

Despite his outlandish behavior, Lee is a serious competitor who stays in trim by shagging flies and sometimes running to work.



Then there is the new guy, Zevon.

In the music industry, Zevon, a bespectacled, disheveled former songwriter for Linda Ronstadt, is usually described as being from the "California Outlaw" school, which is also known as "California Weird." It would be impossible for Lee—the guru of baseball's flakes, the game's Spaceman—not to relate to that. Among the songs of Zevon's latest album are *Roland the Headless Thompson Gunner*, *Werewolves of London* and *Accidentally Like a Martyr*. Lee has the album practically memorized. Then there are the lyrics to *Excitable Boy*, which begin.

*Well, he went down to dinner in
his Sunday best*

Excitable boy, they all said.

*And he rubbed the pot roast all
over his chest*

Excitable boy, they all said.

After a couple of months of this banging into his consciousness, it was little wonder that Lee made sure gravy was spilled all over the place when it came time to get out of the game he loves to shock almost as much as he loves to play.

The Spaceman has always said things like "I wasn't supposed to be around here 15 days after I got here," referring to the day in 1969 when he was called up from the bushes to temporarily replace Jim

Lonborg, who had injured his toe while attempting to bunt. So what could it matter when the Spaceman left? Though Lee could not supplant Lonborg as Boston's ace, his 84 victories over the next nine years, including three straight 17-win seasons, were enough to endear him to Sox fans, whether or not they knew Ouspensky or Gurdjieff, the mystics Lee says are his "psychological" advisers.

The Boston-area public always has been divided along geographical as well as generational lines in its feelings toward Lee. In the blue-collar Irish bars of Southie, Lee was anathema after he defended Judge Arthur Garrity Jr., who ordered the desegregation of Boston schools by busing, as "the only guy in this town with any guts." On the other hand, the Spaceman was a prince to the city's hip-liberal college population—largely based in Cambridge—which was thrilled by his outspoken lobbying for decriminalization of marijuana and his open defiance of pot laws.

The Red Sox were left in a quandary as to just what to do with Lee. Possibly the most stratifaced organization in all of pro sports, Boston was one of the first teams to impose a no-liquor

continued



Lee meditates in the clubhouse during a respite from interviewers, who on occasion have asked his views on busing or China



SPACEMAN

continued



Lee is married and has three children



which doesn't interfere with his slyoon-hopping and prodigious consumption of beer

rule on team flights and one of the last to dress out in form-fitting knit uniforms. In the matter of race, the Sox signed their first black player—Pumpkin Green—long after every other team in the majors had blacks. Even today only two U.S.-born blacks are on the Red Sox' roster. Jim Rice and George Scott.

In Lee, team officials saw a flaming radical, junkbusting journeyman left-hander with no fastball, no loyalty and no moral values. Yet they also saw a media hero who visited all the sick children, kept the sports talk shows in clover and drew crowds to Fenway Park. This same man also refused to believe there was no tomorrow—even after his team lost the seventh game of the 1975 World Series.

Lee's friend, former Red Sox pitcher Tom House, who now plays for Seattle, says, "Deep down inside—where nobody has ever gotten to him—Bill is a great human being. It's just that in baseball the Peter Principle reaches its highest level, and the absolute worst people run the show. Bill realized very early the ludicrousness of being in a position where so many intellectual vegetables have so much authority and influence over the way he lives his life. I always thought Bill was an accident looking for a place to happen. But he's too intelligent to be self-destructive. He knows marginal play-

ers have to play by the rules. Any deviation from the norm is a ticket out. But he's a master at walking the tightrope. Bill never let anybody or anything diminish his character. And he never will."

Nor will he flinch when it comes to saying what is on his mind.

About teams: The Oakland A's championship clubs of 1972, '73 and '74, Lee observed, "are emotionally mediocre. They remind me of Gates Brown lying on a rug." Cincinnati's Big Red Machine, he said, "is about the third-best team in fundamentals I've ever seen—behind the Taiwan Little-Leaguers and the USC NCAA champions of 1968. The Reds act like a drill team; they should be managed by Jack Webb." Lee said the California Angels "couldn't break a champagne if they held halting practice in a hotel lobby." Naturally, he vilified the Yankees: "a bunch of vagabonds with bad wheels" and "a fine sociological study of human frailties."

In addition to these group assaults, Lee has come down fairly heavily on certain individuals. He described Yankee owner George Steinbrenner as "a convicted felon" and during a spitball controversy said former American League President Joe Cronin acted "like an idiot."

The Red Sox management has not been spared. During the classic 1975 Series between Boston and Cincinnati, Lee said that Manager Darrell Johnson's decision to pitch Luis Tiant, instead of himself, in Game 6 was "stupid." But Darrell's been falling out of trees and landing on his feet all season. Last season Lee called current Manager Don Zimmer "a gerbil."

Unable to rid themselves of Lee without risking the torching of Fenway Park, the Sox hierarchy set about eliminating his running partners. Since last season Pitchers Ferguson, Jenkins, Rick Wise and Jim Willoughby were either sold or traded away—primarily, it must be admitted, because they were not getting the job done on the mound. But their close ties with Lee and his off-field life-style did not strengthen their position. When Willoughby was sold to the White Sox on the last day of spring training, Lee placed a lighted candle on Zimmer's desk as his personal memorial.

Following the purge, the coterie, which was named the Royal Order of the Buffalo Heads in honor of the rotund, bald Zimmer—Jenkins said, "My

continued

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BE CHOOSEY

Indian friends consider the buffalo the ugliest, dumbest animal in captivity"—was left with only two members, Lee and Carbo. When Carbo, the Sox' utility outfielder who had become an underground celebrity by hitting a famous home run in the '75 Series and then 15 more last season when he led the Sox in on-base percentage, was sold to Cleveland an hour before the June 15 trade deadline, it was the straw that broke the Buffaloes' back. Lee wept for 20 minutes, ripped his telephone from the wall at home and vowed he would never play for Boston again.

At the time Lee quit, the Red Sox were on a seven-game winning streak, were six games ahead of everybody in the American League East and had the best record in baseball. Lee had won his first six decisions. Plagued by shoulder trouble and a lack of fielding support—10 unearned runs had scored in his previous two appearances—he nonetheless had a 7-3 record by mid-June and was playing a major role in the Red Sox' drive for the division championship.

Because of his sense of theater, not to mention his bent for the absurd, it was reasonable to believe that Lee was merely parodying Dave Cowens' walkout from the Celtics a couple of years ago. More simply, it was difficult to take Lee seriously because he never seems to do so himself. However, this time the cuckoo sounded as if he was burning his nest behind him.

Lee said, "The Red Sox trade away all the personalities and surround themselves with [agent Jerry] Kapstein plastic." He blasted Zimmer as "a no-good front-running son of a bitch." The new owners of the team, Haywood Sullivan and Buddy Leroux, he called "gutless." He said he wanted to fight them. And then he made the most telling comment of all. "Baseball isn't fun anymore," Lee said.

The next day, after the Spaceman had jogged three miles from Harvard Square to Fenway, returned to the team and been fined \$533, he said he had asked management "to make it \$1,500 so I could take another couple of days off." Moreover, Lee said he was not happy about the "qualities in the system, the ambiguities in life." He said he would be much happier working on his grandfather's walnut farm than pitching for the Red Sox. He cited S. I. Hayakawa and George

Patton. He said he felt like the character in the movie *Network* who was shot while on the air. He said he had returned on behalf of "future ballplayers yet unborn." He said he was looking for compassion. He said it was time for everybody to "start thinking about the earth."

Boomer Scott, the first baseman from Mississippi, who, someone once pointed out, would be a dead ringer for Idi Amin if he could only speak the English language as well, had characterized the terrible distress his teammates felt over Lee's quitting by squealing, "Spaceman take off. Spaceman take off." Now Scott summed up the weekend. "Spaceman splash down," he said. "You know, Billy Lee's a whole bunch of fun."

Fun is what Billy Lee has always had in common with baseball. As a kid in Cinnoga Park, in Southern California, and then in Marin County near San Francisco after his father was transferred there by the telephone company, Lee played all sports. But in football he got smacked around a lot, and sometimes hurt. Basketball demanded all that running, and he got tired. Baseball? Now baseball was really fun.

As a youth Lee had no heroes, no idols. He didn't read anything about the game's history, and he didn't collect bubble-gum cards. The times he went to see the Dodgers, he was embarrassed for his friends when they rushed to obtain autographs. The fun of baseball was in playing the game. That is what Lee wanted to do.

"I never had so much fun in my life as when I was playing ball," Lee says. "Pitching. Hitting. Fielding. Catching flies. Running the bases. I wanted to do it all. God, I loved it. Playing ball. I'd play ball all day."

If he had stopped playing a moment and picked up any old record book, Lee might have noticed that for one who enjoyed the game and appreciated its eccentricities, who was destined to have a certain goofy impact on college baseball, Boston baseball and baseball in Alaska, for godsakes, who was growing up left-handed and, well, different, he would have done well to get himself some preposterous name. Something like Dizzy or Dazzie or Van Lingle Mungo. At the least, Lefty. But William Francis Lee III? Bill Lee? Billy Lee? A kid might as well be named Johnny Smith as Billy Lee.

It may be a very important insight, or just another one of his glib put-ons—it

hardly matters which—when Lee says that he knows the exact point in his life when he recognized he would not be totally ordinary. Then he proceeds to put his finger on a whole bunch of altogether separate points. "My parents made the big mistake when they put me in school too early. Four years old, I handcuffed myself to the bedpost. Screwed myself up forever." Or, "They called me William at roll call, and I didn't answer. I didn't know what William meant. I guess that did it." Or, "In our kickball game during recess from Holy Communion class I booted the ball and ran the bases third to second to first. A triple the wrong way. From that moment I was a goner."

At Terra Linda High in San Rafael, one of those shiny, progressive institutions where the kids learn to smoke their bicycle tires before they get to the meanings of "deal with" and "mellow out" in their vocabulary lists, Lee became a gifted, if inattentive, student. An ability to, as he describes it, "cross-reference everything in my life" earned him good enough grades to qualify for an academic scholarship to USC. "I wanted to go to Humboldt State for forestry school," Lee says. "Or UCLA. I was very UCLA-ish. I questioned authority. I questioned everything. At USC you couldn't kiss the girls, because they had sporns in their mouths. Or their noses. Alan Ladd Jr. snaked my girl friend from me in drama class. He drove a Ferrari. I hated all that elitism."

But Lee had educators in his family—his maternal great-grandfather was the noted California historian Rockwell Dennis Hunt, who had been dean of the graduate school at USC—and Lee wound up staying in college the full four years and graduating.

Ever since, Lee has gotten a lot of mileage from the old saw about a degree in geography helping him find his way around the minor leagues. In fact, Dr. Rod McKenzie, now chairman of the geography department at USC, says Lee "was as good a student as we ever had around here. I'd rank him among the brightest 5% to 10%."

On the diamond for Coach Rod DeDeaux' perennial national champions, things were not so smooth. For one, the gangling 6' 3" Lee considered himself a hitter, not merely a pitcher. But from

continued

Lee's sophomore year on, Dedeaux never let him do anything but pitch. One season Lee refused to attend pre-season practice—a college holdout, no lie—unless Dedeaux promised to let him play first base, too. The coach agreed to let Lee take some batting practice, and Lee came back to the team and pitched.

It was at USC that Lee began doing strange things. Wacked-out things. Left-handed-type things. He demurs. "I was the only sane one," Lee says. "Did I drink from the Texaco pump after we clinched the pennant? Did I strip off my clothes in the parking lot? Did I take out a cop with a hook slide in Tijuana? No, no and no. All righthanders. Mental patients are lefthanders who were made to change into righthanders. Righthanders are really screwed up."

Yet Lee did have his moments. A teammate recalls that one day Lee showed up late for a doubleheader because, he told Dedeaux, the early dew on the ground, combined with the acorns in the outfield, gave off an unpleasant odor. And once in the middle of a tight game Lee called a conference on the mound—catcher, coach, third baseman, the whole cast—and informed them that his lips were chapped. Lee craved Sunset Strip on Halloween in drag. On a road trip he slid down an airport baggage chute wearing the team's duncelike red wig.

"I always understood everything Casey Stengel said, which sometimes worried me," says Dedeaux, who in 1935 was signed by Stengel off the USC campus to play for the Brooklyn Dodgers. "But I know that all my hours with Casey helped prepare me for Billy Lee."

Despite Lee's huffiness, Dedeaux also knew he had a prospect. By the time Lee got out of college he had perfected an assortment of at least 55 tantalizingly slow, spinning pitches to go with a fast ball that was rumored to break glass. In his sophomore year teammates remember him being even tougher to hit than another Trojan star, Tom Seaver. During his college career Lee had a 38-8 record, including two victories in the 1968 College World Series, which the Trojans won.

"It was then that I felt Billy would make the majors," says Dedeaux. "He could get a variety of pitches over with good control. He was never afraid to challenge the hitters with his *cr*, fastball

Above everything else, he was an outstanding competitor."

Following graduation Lee was drafted in the first round by the Red Sox, and after playing for Waterloo and Winston-Salem, he arrived at Pittsfield, Mass., Boston's Double-A farm team. By that time Lee had married Mary Lou Helfrich, a former "Miss Alaska person" whom he had met while playing in Fairbanks during his college summers. According to both parties, the couple managed to do "a lot of parking," but didn't get to know each other much until after their honeymoon at—where else?—the Mardi Gras. To understand that this match was made, if not in heaven, at least in a caddy corner of *Heilzapoppa!*, it must be reported that Mary Lou is of Indonesian and Dutch parentage, lived in the Tlingit Indian village of Yakutat, Alaska, went to the University of Alaska and Southern Mississippi, dated Eskimos (in Alaska, not Mississippi, one presumes) still dresses to the teeth for games in U.S. Army khakis and wants longingly for the Red Sox to win a World Series so she can buy a graffle for the backyard. "And she ain't lefthanded, either," says Lee.

Boston Catcher Carlton Fisk, at the time a fuzzy-cheeked 20-year-old just out of the woods of New Hampshire, vaguely recalls Lee from both Waterloo and Pittsfield. "The prevailing atmosphere in Iowa was a whole lot of screaming matches between Bill and the manager," Fisk says. "There was no way Bill would have anything to do with discipline or authority. He was way ahead of all of us, both in age and worldliness, and he resented being treated like a teen-ager, which most of the players were. I had never met anybody from California before. It was wild. His cares and priorities and morals were at the opposite end of the rainbow from mine. Maybe that was the attraction."

"When I did something it was for a reason, out of judgment or something. I never talked back to anybody in my life. If I did, my dad would beat the dickens out of me. But this guy would do something just for the hell of it, and not think about the consequences. He was always questioning the manager. Why, why, why? In the second game Bill started in Waterloo, the leadoff batter got a hit. Bill picked him off first and pitched 8½ innings of no-hit ball. Right after the game he was sent up to Winston-Salem."

"Later at Pittsfield I don't remember

him throwing more than a few times. Billy Gardner was the manager, and Lee went up to Boston fast. I asked Gardner why they would call up a kid with less than a year in the pros. Gardner said that Bill had decent command of five pitches and that he wouldn't learn anything more in the minors. I've thought about that and figure that they moved Bill up to be sure that he couldn't get anybody out. Then they could send him on his way.

"Management was still making it hell for Bill last season. People around here told him he wasn't worth anything, that he wasn't the type of guy to have around. The club tried to infect the area with nasty talk about what a miserable mess Billy Lee was. They tried to turn the flock on one of its own. But the Spaceman tricked 'em. He tricked everybody."

There have been pitchers who threw the ball slower than Lee. Mike Cuellar comes to mind, if only because Lee regards him as the ultimate artist. "The Orioles drive Cuellar to the mound in a sanitation truck, dump him out and here comes the garbage," Lee once said. "He's lobbing melons up there, squash, cabbage, rotten grapefruit. 'Here, have a cabbage,' he says. Then, K. K. K. Wow! 'What a guy.' Since Lee's left shoulder was ripped from its socket in a Red Sox-Yankee brawl in 1976, and especially this season when the shoulder has acted up again, Lee has become Cuellar incarnate. And his record this season, 10-6 at the end of last week, was almost what could be expected of a Cuellar, too.

Because his right knee was injured in high school, Lee did not develop the leg drive most pitchers need to throw overpowering fastballs. Because he was tall and had an upright pitching stance, he also failed to learn the classic mechanics of his craft. As a result, Lee became an "arm pitcher" with a natural sinkerball and a fadeaway motion that makes his ball run away from righthanded batters. "I also got smarter than the flame-throwers," says Lee. "I realized the harder the ball comes in, the harder it goes out. Softer in, softer out."

His height notwithstanding, Lee hardly seems intimidating out on the hill. His No. 37 uniform—somebody in the Boston organization had a sense of humor, Stengel not to mention Lee's precursor

on the Sox, Jimmy Piersall, wore the same number—droops over his narrow body like a toga. Then there are all those watermelon pitches arriving so invitingly at the plate. No wonder he frequently has to resort to basic psychology—stalking the mound with his head scrunched into his shoulders when facing Walt (No Neck) Williams—or bizarre tactics—delivering his looping lollipop slow curve, called “the moon ball” or (with apologies to Rip Sewell) “the Leephus pitch.”

Traditionalists have questioned Lee's desire and intensity, but he has laboriously worked on his fielding over the years, and the time he has spent developing his pickoff move—now perhaps the best in the game—belies his reputation for insouciance. “Bill Lee is a college graduate,” says Zimmer. “He's above me, and I don't try to understand him or those words he uses. I can't spell most of them anyway. But never, no way, do I believe Lee is not trying. Or that he is anything but a great competitor.”

Because Lee's cartoon character has dwarfed his accomplishments on the field, even die-hard Fenwayites are occasionally stunned to learn that he is the most successful Sox lefthander since Mel Parnell. Or that his mysteriously brilliant 12-5 record against the hated Yankees is the third best in history (behind Dickie Kerr and Babe Ruth).

In 1971, as the ace of Boston's bullpen, Lee was 9-2, and two years later, having become a starter, he made the All-Star team. When American League Manager Dick Williams asked the pitching staff before that All-Star Game whether “anybody doesn't feel capable of getting the other side out,” Lee raised his hand. He didn't get in the game. In 1975 he made two starts in the World Series and pitched well right up to the sixth inning of the seventh game, departing with a 3-2 lead. “Gullett [the Cincinnati pitcher] is going to the Hall of Fame, and I'm going to the Eliot Lounge,” he said after the Reds won.

In 1973-75, the three-year period during which Lee won 51 games, Fisk says Lee “was the best lefthander in the league. We didn't get him any runs then. With a couple more here or there, he might have won 24 or 25 games each season. Not many big-name throwers know how to pitch the way Bill does. He turns the curve, the fastball and the slider two and sometimes three different ways. He

senses situations—times when a guy is trying to yank him to right or take him up the middle or go downtown. He changes speeds, flirts 'em, outfoxes 'em. He's a real gamer.”

Carl Yastrzemski marvels at Lee's athletic ability. “He'll play pepper for 20 or 30 minutes and never want to stop,” says Yaz. “He'll take fungoes in the outfield all by himself. He shags forever in batting practice. He runs four or five miles a day. Bill really works. Between the fines he's all business. He puts the uniform on. He enjoys the game. You talk about a guy who would play baseball for nothing, no pay. This is the guy.”

It is hardly a secret that the Red Sox have had their share of cutups. There was Piersall, who in his pre-sanitarium days ate grass, climbed the screen, squirted home plate with a water pistol and ran backward to first base. There was Gene Conley, who once got fed up in a Manhattan traffic jam, jumped off the team bus and attempted to take a plane to Israel. And there was Carbo, who used to hold up play while he admired his likeness on the picture-scoreboard and who bought extra plane tickets so his stuffed gorilla could sit next to him on road trips.

But none of them captivated the Boston public or the city's fawning media as Lee has. “The writers and microphone guys are his disciples,” Fisk says. “I just sit back, watch him hold court and laugh and laugh,” says Yastrzemski, whose locker affords a spectacular view of Lee's press conferences.

House says, “I don't think Bill would have made it in any other town. Where else do you have 120 media people running around listening to a ballplayer talk about Red China as if he knows what he's talking about? New York would have been too sophisticated. Plus, the press would have burned Bill. Plus, he would have gotten lost. Boston was the perfect sounding board for him. He was refreshing, bombastic, loony and not threatening. Who'd want to scare him into straightening up?”

Space prohibits listing in alphabetical order the things Lee has done and said to outrage the Baseball Establishment. But in just a few inches, he has:

- Worn onto the field at different times a gas mask, a Daniel Boone cap and a beanie with a propeller.
- Announced that a baseball represents nothing more than “some Haitian slave's

eight-hour day,” and that a ballplayer's springtime ritual consists of “unlimbering the body and snorting the new glove.”

● Visited China on the cuff of a left-wing publication, after which he grew a beard. “This isn't a Fu Manchu,” he said. “It's a Ho Chi Minh.”

● Opined that the Red Sox had “the whitest team in baseball. Just look at the hierarchy of the ball club. We could have a winning team made up of the black and Latin American guys who've been traded away.”

● Showed up, while rumors of his imminent release were flying, dressed in a black outfit that he described as Mexican funeral wear. “Nobody looks at me,” he complained. “They walk by like I've been bitten by a rat from Calcutta and the disease will spread.”

● Accused Zimmer (who has a metal plate in his head as the result of two beanings he suffered as a player) of “disliking all pitchers as a basic prejudice. If you've been beamed and nearly killed twice, you're going to want to make pitchers live in fear. Aww, Don's all right. Long as he keeps taking those happy pills.”

● And defined pitching on various occasions as a form of “sexual expression,” the true essence of “Aikido—you know, self-defense” and “my own territorial imperative. That's from Robert Ardrey. Or Agatha Christie. I forget which.”

This zinniness has been readily accepted in places like Cambridge, Charley's Eating and Drinking Saloon and the bleachers at Fenway, where Lee met his best friend, Mike Mulken, who, Lee says, “used to be one of those great dope-smoking radicals who got amnesia a lot.” Mulken presented himself as a human goalpost for Lee's bubble-gum-wad field-goal tries from the bullpen.

Moreover, Lee's easy manner, sparkling green eyes and aging-bench-boy looks always have gone over with the ladies. Witness the young thing who breathlessly approached him the other day saying, “Bill? That letter you got? About the term paper? The term paper ‘A Love Story—Bill Lee’? It was from me.”

Other observers have not been so enamored. Clif Keene and Larry Claflin are two veteran reporters with rather rigid beliefs about how baseball players should

continued

look and act. Their radio talk show, *Cliff and Claf*, is a popular nighttime entertainment in New England, and the two have waged a campaign to rid the region of Lee almost since he originally toed the Fenway rubber. Teammates say Lee rescued Clafin once by stepping in where others feared to tread when former Red Sox Pucher Gary Peters was ready to rearrange Clafin's face in a Detroit bar. Keane, however, has no such reasons for restraint when criticizing Lee on the air.

"Imbecile," "goon-head" and "drug addict" are some of Keane's milder descriptions of Lee. When Keane questioned how Lee's wife and family could put up with his nocturnal meanderings, Lee came close to filling a lawsuit. "The guy is on flea powder or angel dust," Keane will rant in the press box. "Did Lee get a cortisone shot in the shoulder or in the head?" he loudly asked Red Sox General Manager Sullivan at the June press conference after Lee left on his 24-hour sabbatical. "If this team has any class you'll tell him to shove it."

George Kimball, a tattooed, irreverent representative of the local journal most closely aligned with Lee's style, the underground *The Boston Phoenix*, makes an important distinction between Lee's fanatical friends and fanatical foes. "Nobody who can count doesn't like Bill Lee," Kimball says.

Now wait. Fisk has argued vehemently and publicly with Lee on the mound. When he was with the Sox, Reggie Smith beat up on the pitcher. In the Puerto Rico winter league, Lee was jumped by Catcher Elie Rodriguez and Rodriguez' cousin and brother—one of whom reportedly carried a knife. The assault was in retaliation for Lee's one-punch knockout of Elie in an earlier encounter. Lee suffered no knife wounds against the Rodriguez tag team, but he was urged to contact a dentist immediately.

Then there are the Yankees. On the night of May 20, 1976, while backing up home plate in Yankee Stadium, Lee unwisely took part in a full-scale rumble, the results of which nearly cost him his left arm, not to mention his career. While trying to prevent the Yankees' Otto Velez from joining the fray, Lee was punched by Mickey Rivers, and then grabbed from behind by Graig Nettles and heaved to the ground on his shoulder. At that point, films show, Rivers pounded away at Lee under a mountain

of bodies. When Lee finally was able to get up and throw a punch, his arm was shot. Nonetheless, he went after Nettles, who opened up with both fists, and Lee was hammered into a bloody pulp.

Because of his assault on Lee, Rivers has been pelted with racial epithets, bottles, bolts and firecrackers in Fenway, and Lee still wonders if his shoulder is all there. "I don't think the Yankees started the fight to get me," Lee says, "but once it started, I know there were a few Yankees looking for me. My opinions may have caught up with themselves." A long time before the fight, Lee had described the Yankees' gladiatorial prowess as the equal of "a bunch of hookers swinging their purses."

It was August 1976 before Lee won his next game. He finished with five victories—this after his three seasons of 17 each—and has not been the same pitcher since. Nonetheless his reputation as a Yankee killer convinced Zimmer to shuffle his pitching rotation last year, so that in each of the first four Red Sox-Yankee series Lee was the Sox' starter in the opening game. He finished 1-1, with two no-decisions and one dead fish courtesy of Billy Martin, who sent the Mafia-style gift to Lee with a note reading, "Put this in your purse, you no-good —."

This season Lee's one turn against the Yankees was rained out, but it has made no difference, as the Red Sox have opened a lead on the Yankees as well as the rest of the division.

Contradictions continue to abound in Lee's life. Two years ago, after spouting off against overpopulation, Lee was embarrassed to learn that Mary Lou was pregnant with Kate, the youngest of their three children. He is an enthusiastic supporter of the Save the Whales movement, but around his neck he wears a Yin-Yang symbol that looks suspiciously as if it is fashioned from a whale's tooth. He lobbies against sugar, but he is the only one in his family who takes his coffee sweet.

"It all started out as a joke, a put-on," says Clark Booth, another of Lee's media friends. "Bill entertained us and amused us and it was, you know, 'all seriousness aside' and that routine. Somewhere along the line, though, Bill started to think he had to keep it up. He was like a little kid who wanted to please the

elders. Maybe he still wants the role and all the attention. But maybe he's tired of it, too."

Lee's father, William Jr., is described by his son as a "Goldwater Republican." Often the older man is contacted by, friends who ask if he has heard what his wild offspring has done this time. "I don't want to hear," says William Jr., a Boston writer who overheard Lee's mother on an airplane between World Series games recalls her saying, "I only wish it was Bill's younger brother Paul who had made it to the big leagues."

The other day Lee was tooling along in his car with 3-year-old Andy, his middle child, and talking about nothing and everything. "I went to a psychiatrist at Harvard once," Lee said. "He said I was the greatest con artist he had ever met. He said don't dare stop."

"The problem with the world is that everything moves so fast. We should all slow down. I think that's why I love baseball so much. When the ball is popped up, you have enough time to get in a whole thought. My dilemma in life is that I have never known who the white hats are. I've been misunderstood. Peter Townshend, The Who, I'd love to live on the beach in Malibu. Or go up to the Allagash waterway in Maine. Or just take over the family walnut ranch. Where is the time? Maybe I could go host Saturday Night Live on TV? I've always been a cone head."

"Baseball's magic moments are what count. I remember this: My last game in the minors, Pittsfield versus Manchester. The manager let me pinch-hit in the last inning. I was the winning run at the plate, and I cold-cocked one. A long fly ball over the fence. Bye, bye. As I was rounding second base, I looked up, and the centerfielder was reaching and jumping and flinging himself over the fence to make the catch. It was great. I was screaming like a madman, it was so great. I remember feeling pain and joy and denial and excitement all at once. Unbelievable. It was so much fun. Everything in baseball seemed wrapped up in that moment. I haven't felt that great since."

Just then little Andy in the backseat said, "Daddy, are we going to move to Disney World?"

And Bill Lee said, "I don't know, Andy, your daddy is crazy most of the time. Maybe we'll make our own Disney World right here."

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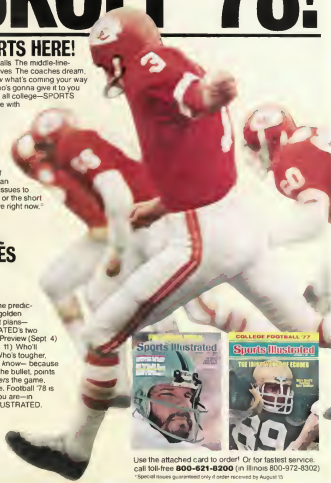
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 24-30

BOWLING—STEE WESTERHO of Cotuit, Groves, Colo., rolled a 799 in the 10th game and won the \$60,000 American Open. Westerman defeated Mike Dufka of Chicago Hills, Ill., by 225 pins.

BOXING—VILAMAR FERNANDEZ of the Dominican Republic upset WBC junior lightweight champion Alexis Arguello in a scintilla bout, taking a 10-round minority jury decision at Madison Square Garden (page 46).

NETBOND VORASINGH of Thailand retained his WBC Flyweight title with a 10-round technical knockout of Luis Sotillo of Venezuela, in Caracas.

GOLF—REDO FUNSETTI shot a final-round seven-under-par 64 for a second tying total of 264, 20 under par, to win the \$250,000 Hartford Open by four strokes.

PAT BRADLEY shot a final-round four-under-par 68 for a total of 206, 10 under, to win the \$400,000 Hooray Classic at Plymouth, Ind., by three strokes.

HARNESS RACING—SCARLET SKIPPER (3:02.26), driven by Bill Herman, won the \$481,250 Woodrow Wilson Pace at the Meadowlands. The 2-year-old, which won timed at 1:57.75, earned \$240,625.

HORSE RACING—EASY TREASURE (52.80), Robert Adair up, won the \$400,000 Kentucky Oaks for quarter horses at Los Alamitos by half a length over Some Reason. The 3-year-old was timed in a stakes record 59.88 seconds for 400 yards.

MOTOR SPORTS—MARIO ANDRETTI, driving a JPS Lotus 79, averaged 129.88 mph on the 4.2-mile Michelsheim track to win the German Grand Prix. The wet pit Andreotti set a commanding lead for the drivers' championship.

DARRELL WALTERS, driving a Chevrolet, averaged a track-record 142.340 mph on the 3/8-mile Pocono International Raceway in oval to win the \$154,115 Coca-Cola 500 at Long Pond, Pa. He bested David Pearson by half a second.

SOCCER—NASL, 19 games ago, Chicago had a 0-0 record and was in last place at the American Conference Central Division. But on June 19 the Stars defeated Forward Arno Seifriedinger from Hamburg of West Germany's First Division league and has been changing upsets ever since. Stars' forwards have scored 12 goals in his last 16 games, including two in a 3-1 win over Memphis. Although Philadelphia got an overtime goal from Pat Jofels to beat the Stars 3-2, Chicago is in second place in the division, 12 points ahead of fading Houston.

The Houston lost a pair of 4-0 games, to National Conference Central leader Tulsa—with Clint Boshoff picking up a league-high 10th shutout—and to Dallas. The Tornados, double-headed with Rochester in the race for the final National Conference playoff spot, was defeated by Portland 2-1. Minnesota, which trails Tulsa by 1 point, did it again in its match against Memphis. The Knights won 2-1 when Steve Lu kicked the ball into his own goal—a feat previously performed by teammates Alan Merrick and Ace Niswonger. Chicago Chicago set a league record for goals scored in a season in the Conter. 3-1 was over Tacoma. Chicago had a goal to give him 71 points, breaking the mark established by John Kowalski of Chicago in 1984. New England's Mike Flanagan, who is chasing Chicago for the scoring title, tied the record for most goals in a season, getting his 30th in a 2-1 win over Washington. The Apollos also lost in Rochester, 1-0, with Scott Harvath scoring the only goal. Oakland, fighting for a wild-card berth, defeated Oakland 2-1, and San Jose won in second straight, 2-1 over San Diego.

ASL New Jersey won two games and registered second place in the East. The Americans broke a nine-game losing streak by defeating Connecticut 3-0, then beat Indy 2-1 on goals by Juan Cano and Jose Nieto. The New York Eagles, who dropped to third, lost to Connecticut 3-2 when Fortissimo Campesello scored the winning goal for the Yankees. Sacramento also won twice, beating Cleveland 3-1 on Emilio Jofels' two goals, then up-swinging California 1-0. Southern California moved to within six points of Western Division leader Los Angeles with a 4-1 victory over Cleveland. Southern California's goalkeeper John Granville improved his league-leading goals-against average to 0.75 and got his sixth shutout, also a league high. The New York Apollo defeated Indy 6-1 behind Kevin Mahon's two goals and Einar Breken's goal and three assists.

SWIMMING—PENNY DEAN of Santa Clara, Calif., broke the record for men and women for swimming the English Channel by crossing from England to France in 7 hours, 42 minutes—seven days less than the record set last year by Nasser El Shoub of Egypt.

TENNIS—HAROLD GOULDEN beat John Alexander 6-3, 6-2 to win the \$173,000 Louisville International.

WTT, Los Angeles won four straight and moved past champion Golden Gate to second place in the Western Division. The Straggs beat the Grays 28-23 in overtime, with Est Nasser winning in both singles and mixed doubles. New York 28-21 to Chris Evert de-

feated JoAnne Russell 6-0, Indiana 27-19 with Evert beating Duane Fromholtz 6-3 and New Orleans 28-23. The Grays have lost one of 10 and dropped 275 games behind Los Angeles and 415 in back of division leader San Diego. The Frays were a home-and-home series from the Grays, snapping 31-28 at Oakland with Mike Guzman defeating Virginia Wade 7-6, then winning 23-22 in a repeat tie-breaker at San Diego. In the East, Boston split four matches and remained in 9-game lead over New York. One of these two victories was a 20-20 defeat of San Diego in what could have been a preview of the league-championship final. The Lobsters did it without Murray Nungara, who was loose in Dallas with a reported shoulder injury.

VOLLEYBALL—Denver defeated Orange County, Tucson and Seattle, and moved into playoff contention in the Continental Division, three games behind second-place El Paso-Juarez. Falkenberg Tucson lost three straight. Santa Barbara stretched its winning streak to five with victories over Denver and Tucson. Orange County solidified its lock on second place in the Western Division, sweeping a home-and-home series with San Diego.

MLB SPORTS—ANNOUNCED by owner Carroll Rosenbloom, the shift of the Los Angeles Rams to suburban Anaheim, 15 miles to the north, beginning with the 1992 season. The Rams will move to the \$100-million Los Angeles Coliseum to the 43,304-seat Anaheim Stadium, which will be enlarged to seat 70,000.

NAMED To coach the 1990 U.S. Olympic basketball team, DAVID GAVITT, 40, who has a 199-48 record in male soccer as Providence.

REHired By the New York Yankees, BILLY MARTIN, 50, who resigned under pressure last week, as manager for the 1990 season, replacing Bob Lemon, who will manage the club through 1979, then become general manager (page 13).

SUSPENDED For at least 40 games by the NHL, New York Ranger Right Wing DON MURDOCH, for his conviction on charges of possession of cocaine in Toronto last April.

CREDITS

4—Tim Kluszewski 10—Mickey Vernon 16—Tony Toledo 20—John McEnroe 21—Gregg Bischoff 22—Pamela Anderson 23—Tony Danza 24—Hank Kjaerum 25—Rick Clarkson 26—1988—Hank Kjaerum 27—Rick Clarkson 28—1988—Hank Kjaerum 29—Shirley 30—Shirley 31—Shirley 32—Shirley 33—Shirley 34—Shirley 35—Shirley 36—Shirley 37—Shirley 38—Shirley 39—Shirley 40—Shirley 41—Shirley 42—Shirley 43—Shirley 44—Shirley 45—Shirley 46—Shirley 47—Shirley 48—Shirley 49—Shirley 50—Shirley 51—Shirley 52—Shirley 53—Shirley 54—Shirley 55—Shirley 56—Shirley 57—Shirley 58—Shirley 59—Shirley 60—Shirley 61—Shirley 62—Shirley 63—Shirley 64—Shirley 65—Shirley 66—Shirley 67—Shirley 68—Shirley 69—Shirley 70—Shirley 71—Shirley 72—Shirley 73—Shirley 74—Shirley 75—Shirley 76—Shirley 77—Shirley 78—Shirley 79—Shirley 80—Shirley 81—Shirley 82—Shirley 83—Shirley 84—Shirley 85—Shirley 86—Shirley 87—Shirley 88—Shirley 89—Shirley 90—Shirley 91—Shirley 92—Shirley 93—Shirley 94—Shirley 95—Shirley 96—Shirley 97—Shirley 98—Shirley 99—Shirley 100—Shirley 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FOREGO

Sir:

Coming from the man who rode Swaps, Dr. Fager and Fiddle Isle, Bill Shoemaker's statement that Forego was the best horse he's ever ridden (*Any Distance, Any Weight*, July 24) carries almost as much weight as the old warrior ever did.

LAUREN BRIGHAM
Haverford, Pa.

Sir:

Forego didn't break Kelso's career earnings record and he never won a Triple Crown like Secretariat, Seattle Slew and Affirmed, but you should measure a great horse by heart, not statistics. And in heart, Forego finished second to none.

CHARLES WARD
Hialeah, Fla.

Sir:

I applaud the decision to give Forego the rest he so richly deserves. May he enjoy his clover.

NORA B. EHRLING
Elmont, N.Y.

THE CHAMP

Sir:

The adjectives slovenly, gluttonous and lascivious are accurate descriptions of Leon Spinks (Sometimes a Guy's Gotta Swoop, July 24). I am surprised that a magazine of your quality would waste its time on such a person. I hope Al regains the title and relegates Spinks to oblivion.

JOHN F. NAUGHTON III
Hillsborough, N.J.

Sir:

Leon Spinks says, "You can't take the ghetto out of the nigger," but there are many successful, hardworking black athletes who have overcome severe social adversity without compromising their ethnic heritage in any way. These athletes return to the neighborhoods not to "swoop" or swell beer from a quart bottle but to share their success by making real contributions.

DANIEL L. HERBERT
Salina, Kans.

Sir:

I was severely disappointed that *SI* sank to the level it did in its character assassination of Leon Spinks. The article was based at least partially on hearsay and had little bearing on athletics. If Spinks were the first athlete who smoked, caroused and drank, then the article might have been printed with justification. A cheap shot at a man who is already, in many respects, down.

ANDY SAYLOS
Harrisburg, Pa.

SESSSSSS

Sir:

The authors of your series on money in sports (*SI*, July 17, et seq.), Ray Kennedy and Nancy Williamson, deserve multi-year, no-cut, megabuck, fringe-benefit contracts.

MIKE TAKACS
Holmes, Pa.

Sir:

In Part I, we read about how greedy, evil owners rip off the players and fans. But in Part II, dealing with high salaries, there was little in that vein about the players (*For the Athlete, How Much Is Too Much?*, July 24). Instead, you tell us that athletes take physical beatings in their jobs. Well, what do you think a factory worker or a fireman endures? You also note that athletes are around only a short time. Don't they think they should have to work when their playing careers are over? There was even mention of "slave wages." Not many slaves I've heard of take up to five months vacation every year, work six hours or less per day, get to visit 18 to 24 cities, receive meal money away from the plantation, are paid to make speeches and sign autographs, get freebies on things for which the "lousy fan" pays full price and bask in the admiration of millions.

DAVID LONG
Lombard, Ill.

Sir:

Do David Thompson, O. J. Simpson or Larry Hise deserve to earn more than Jimmy Carter?

SALL A. BEHAR
Lafayette Hill, Pa.

Sir:

The free-agent system and all those high salaries would not have come about if the owners had treated the players like people instead of chattels.

SETH FRIEDMAN
Wheatley Heights, N.Y.

Sir:

I cannot believe you left Walter Payton off the all-underpaid team. At less than \$100,000 for last year's MVP performance, Payton was the best bargain in sports.

PATRICK RICE
Northbrook, Ill.

Sir:

Putting Vladislav Bogicevic on the all-overpaid team is unfair. Before joining the Cosmos, Bojce played for the Yugoslavian national team in 47 games. He was one of Europe's finest players. He definitely deserves the money he is making.

MIKE KOSCIUK
East Brunswick, N.J.

SCORING THE SCORERS

Sir:

The solution to baseball's official scorer problem (*Do They Really Know the Score?*, July 24) is to let a fifth umpire handle the job. He should sit in a booth with a good view and have access to instant replay. In addition, he should recognize errors of "omission" as well as "commission." For instance, a player who fails to cover a base should be charged with an error. And when a run scores as a result of a pitcher's own error, it should count against his earned run average.

FRAANK WELSH
Annandale, Va.

Sir:

I was fascinated to learn that scoring decisions in St. Louis are complicated by Busch Stadium's synthetic turf, which makes baseballs "accelerate after they hit the ground." If this is true, this magical surface can be put to better use. First, enclose the playing field with walls and a ceiling made of the same synthetic turf. Then drop in a few hundred baseballs. These balls—accelerating each time they hit—soon would be whizzing around at thousands of miles per hour. You could harness this fantastic energy and light the entire city of St. Louis.

JOHN KELLY KARASEK
Berkeley, Calif.

CORRECTION

Sir:

This morning my son said to me, "Dad, I never knew you'd been in jail." I never knew it, either. He had been reading a history of Ivy League football published by Stein & Day, in which, to my astonishment, there were four or five paragraphs about me. I have a Columbia B.A., but I was too heavy for the lightweight team and too light for the regular team.

The book said I had been "haunted off to jail" during the 1968 Columbia riots. It seems that erroneous statement had originally been made in your publisher's letter for March 15, 1976, an issue in which an article of mine appeared. To set things straight, I was not hauled anywhere—just showed around a bit in the confusion.

D. KEITH MAND
Blooming Grove, N.Y.

LOPEZ

Sir:

Having recently watched Nancy Lopez at the Mayflower Classic in Noblesville, Ind., I particularly appreciated your cover story on her (*Nancy with the Laughing Face*, July 10). At the Mayflower, Nancy was obviously aware that much of the crowd had come to see her but she encouraged us to appreciate

continued

Pictures perfect.



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the play of other golfers, too. When Sandra Spausch hit an approach shot deep into a sand trap, then blasted out onto the edge of the green, the fine shot didn't escape Nancy "Great shot! Super out!" she yelled. Great lady! Super golfer!

LYNN HOLMAN
Black Mountain, N.C.

PENNANT RACE
Sir,

As a logical extension of baseball's All-Star Game player selection system, Bowser Kuhn might consider letting the fans elect the four division winners, too. Teams with poor records the preceding year would be left off the official ballot but could be written in. Once and for all, the commissioner could give the game of baseball totally to the fans.

RICHARD L. PACELLE JR.
New Haven, Conn.

NOMENCLATURE
Sir,

Now you've done it. After your excellent coverage of the World Cup, you go and recommend changing the name of soccer to kickball (SCORECARD, July 17). How typically American! First, we change the offside and tie-game rules, now we talk about changing the name of the game. Why not just change

the name of soccer to football and the name of football to gridiron football, the expression used in England, where true football was invented?

RICH HUDSON
Florissant, Mo.

Sir,

Columnist Bob Matthews is crazy. Our game of football has become an institution, and its name likewise. Why change it?

BETH POORE
Belton, S.C.

STOP THE MUSIC
Sir,

Last fall 1,674 chairs were used in a game of musical chairs at Northern Michigan University. 474 more than Paul Joseph Roberge and his colleagues at Notre Dame and St. Mary's College used in what he confidently claims was a world record game (19TH HOLE, July 17). Mr. Roberge's bumps and bruises may have been worth it but it certainly wasn't a world record.

JAMES D. TOTZ
Groose Pointe, Mich.

Sir,

I hate to break Mr. Roberge's heart, but I'm afraid I must. I took part in a game of musical chairs at Penn State in which 1,900 stu-

dents participated. I made it to the final 25. Imagine all my bumps and bruises. Paul.

KEN EISNER
Pittsburgh

NO TIME TO STUDY
Sir,

The Oklahoma State scandal (Deep in Hot Water in Sulfurware, July 3) calls to mind Dr. Roseberry, the football coach in Kurt Vonnegut Jr.'s novel *Player Piano*. Dr. Roseberry was recruiting a potential player and finally signed him for a paltry \$36,000.

"And I could study, too?" the player asked. "You'd give me time off for classes and study?"

Roseberry frowned. "Well—there's some pretty stiff rulings about that. You can't play college football and go to school. They tried that once, and you know what a silly mess that was."

Dr. Roseberry's Cornell team was so cheap it actually had to live on campus. Tennessee kept its team in Miami Beach, and Yale bought the whole Texas A&M backfield.

DR. ROGER D. METCALF
Grand Prairie, Texas

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

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We at Sony do things big even when they're small. Like our mini TV-AM/FM radio. The TV is equipped with electronic tuning. The screen is 4" (measured diagonally) so you can really curl up with it. It's right at home on your night table or your desk at work. And when you want to get away from home and work, you can take it along on vacation. It runs on AC/DC or batteries.* And whether you've got the TV or radio turned on, you're going to be amazed at the big sound coming to you through its 2-way speaker system. So no matter how you look at it (or listen to it), Sony has once again proven good things really do come in small packages. **"IT'S A SONY."**

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NEW CHEVY MONZA.

THE ONLY ECONOMY CAR NAMED AFTER A RACE TRACK.



'78 Chevy Monza 2+2 Hatchback Coupe

Sporty. Monza, Italy. One of the fastest race tracks in the world. And like its namesake, Chevy Monza is a thrill to drive. To take out on the open road and enjoy. To take into a corner and come out impressed.

Well equipped. Every Monza sports such standard equipment as bucket seats, white stripe tires, bumper rub strips, carpeting, and more. Things that are likely to cost extra on some other cars.

Low priced. With all kinds of standard equipment and exciting

moves, you might think that Monza is going to be priced at all kinds of money. Well, think again, because a new Chevy Monza 2+2 Hatchback Coupe is priced at only \$3759. That's the manufacturer's suggested retail price including dealer prep and California Emission Equipment Tax, license, destination charges,

and available equipment extra. Sport mirrors (shown above) \$32 extra. Deluxe wheel covers (shown above) \$39 extra.

EPA ESTIMATES: 31 MPG HWY/21 MPG CITY. With standard 151 CID engine and 4-Speed manual transmission. Your mileage will vary depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and available equipment. Monza is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.



**SEE WHAT'S NEW TODAY
IN A CHEVROLET.**

INTRODUCING THE PENNZOIL THAT SAVES GASOLINE.



New Pennzoil P-Z-L
Saves you gasoline and oil changes.
Ask for it.